



No. 159.—VOL. XIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1896.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



MISS GERALDINE SOMERSET AS THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE, AT THE LYCEUM.

*"'Tis I that make young Britons brave and bold."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.



## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

Is it more inspiriting to be poverty-stricken or impecunious? Nice distinctions between these inviting states are drawn by philosophers. Samuel Smiles, who wrote so admirably on the art of beginning the world with half-a-crown, said that "nothing sharpens a man's wits like poverty"; but Mr. Somerville, the author of "Curiosities of Impecuniosity," holds that condition to be the true grindstone. From the historic examples cited by Mr. Somerville, I gather that to be impecunious is to dress well at your tailor's expense, never to be without someone else's roof to your head, enjoy your regular meals, and perform miracles of ingenuity in outwitting duns. Such a career is not without the charm of variety, and even of romance; but is it conducive to the manly virtues? Ought you not to choose the better part of the citizen who preferred cold mutton-bone and independence to Court favour and a thousand a-year, and who, after proclaiming this noble resolution, sent out to borrow a guinea from a friend with the smallest prospect of repaying it? Of course, if you are a monarch like Edward III., whose crown was in pawn for eight years, or Henry V., who "popped" the royal candelabra, you are encouraged by the approving eye of a nation. You never lose your moral superiority to the gentleman who has the crown in his keeping, and tries it on in private, or puffs himself up by dining in the light of your candlesticks. He can't provoke your regal displeasure by putting them in his window as unredeemed pledges. If the worst comes to the worst, there is always some little arrangement by which your loyal subjects pay your debts, and leave your self-respect unruffled. But if you are plain Richard Swiveller, Esq., is it manlier to turn the grindstone of high-minded poverty, or to sharpen the shrewd, insinuating blades which so many of Mr. Somerville's heroes were always sticking into their creditors?

One anecdote of the impecunious fills me, I own, with immoral envy. Theodore Hook wanted a loan from a publisher, who, wary man, demanded some manuscript as a security. Hook sat up all night, writing an introduction to a novel "on a new plan"; this, with "a hurried chapter," he submitted to the publisher, who paid the money. If Paternoster Row were still accessible to this sort of adventure, who would not besiege it with introductions to romances of original mystery? Fancy the enjoyment of writing Chapter I., leaving off with the heroine in an unheard-of predicament, and knowing you can get a nice little sum in advance from a simple-minded publisher, without giving yourself the trouble of inventing an escape for the unfortunate damsel! Then there is mine host of the Falcon, to which Ben Jonson did most resort. There was a heavy score against "rare Ben," and he was invited to pay it off by answering four conundrums, which he settled in a twinkling with some impromptu rhymes. O ingenuous publisher and large-hearted landlord, why have ye no peers in this prosaic age? I know one impecunious scribbler who is ready to write off his tailor's bill with passable verses, and pay for his dinner with coin of the realm of poetic fantasy. Why are not letters and the arts patronised in this practical fashion by bootmakers and haberdashers? If the Committee of the Royal Literary Fund would consider the propriety of inviting eminent tradesmen in turn to take the chair at the annual dinner, we might see a fraternal union between literature and certain important branches of commerce; and many deserving persons, in their dealings with shirt- and collar-makers, might cease to be reminded of that irritating motto, "Cash on delivery"!

The most acute memories of impecuniosity come to me from the twopenny meat-pie epoch. It has often been noticed that extreme youth and indigence have a native turn for pastry. Somehow, the succulent joint and the wholesome vegetable do not consort with the dreams of early ambition; you must take home a meat-pie in the evening, and toast it on the grate. I lodged in those days in a court off the Strand, under the eaves of a ducal mansion, long since swept away; it was not a respectable, but a romantic court, strong in boxes of mignonette, and conducted by landladies with the air of ancient retainers of the noble house next door. I never entered my room at night without expecting to meet family portraits, gentlemen who had fought for king and country, ladies who had witnessed tragedies for the sake of their beautiful eyes on the turret-stairs. They were beside me when I sat on the leads, listening to the chimes of Westminster, much more inspiring than the song of nightingales; they watched me coaxing the meat-pie to a reluctant warmth. I knew they were smiling gravely in the darkness when I had gone to bed, and the pie began to trouble my slumbers. The one unromantic element in the court was the atmosphere; there was always

a powerful odour of burnt soot in the morning; it began to haunt my dreams, and I tried in vain to imagine that the family portraits had been destroying confidential documents, full of treason, in the small hours; then the whole city seemed full of this infernal smell, and everything turned yellow, and I stayed in bed one day to receive a visit from a doctor, who gruffly said I was bilious, all along of the meat-pie!

This was not poverty, you understand, for parents and guardians, with no great ardour, came to the rescue of the exchequer when I sent them an affecting statement of accounts. My impecuniosity had quite a moral tinge at this period. I was anxious to show the parents and guardians what a stern resolve could do on a few shillings a-week; for, when the rent of the room in the romantic court was paid, there remained just twelve impressions of her Majesty's head in this branch of the currency. With what proud emotion I made up the account of expenditure for the first week, and found that (with the aid of the pie) I had five shillings to spare! Unluckily, the desire of the eye had been distracted all the week by a necktie of flowered silk in a haberdasher's window, and my earliest savings were, so to speak, throttled by this tempter. I used to wear that tie when I sallied forth on Sunday to dine at a hostelry in Piccadilly, now no more, where an ample meal of pie at a shilling was the cheapest satisfaction of hunger. The pattern of that flowered silk still floats before my vision, and in its unholy company I see a pair of straw-coloured gloves beckoning me on a downward career of luxury. When the eminent haberdashers take the chair at the Literary or Press Fund Dinner, will they kindly bear in mind that the constant display of their dazzling wares to the gaze of imaginative and impecunious youth, nourished by meat-pie, entails upon them an obligation of benevolence which they have not yet discharged?

Some years later I met the soul of impecuniosity in the person of a youthful Frenchman. How we foregathered I do not recall, but I felt at once that here was a master spirit who soared above meat-pie into the empyrean of the irresponsible. Not for him the sordid calculation of the platter and the wardrobe; he shared my meals, entertained me half the night by enacting great scenes from the French drama, and slept contentedly on a bare floor. I see him now, with flashing Southern eyes and waving locks, crouching in a corner, distorted by the frenzy of a histrionic method which was new to me, and terrible. He was great in "Le Roi S'Amuse," and "Le Tour de Nesle," of which he hurled whole acts at me, threatening his solitary auditor with horrid gestures, while he plunged into abysses of crime. Even in the whirlwind of this excitement I found myself wondering how he was going to live, and where he would get a decent coat, the existing garment being in a state of dissolution. These paltry matters troubled him not at all; he was in the clouds, and I was grovelling among the meat-pies. The earthiness of my early training forced me to consider the expediency of parting company with this bright visitant from a region beyond my ken. I found an institution where temporary refuge was given to distressed foreigners; and, having stated his case with pathetic eloquence, I was gratified by the intimation that he would be taken in.

But, when I reached our lodging, my Gaul was in no mood to listen to propositions for his practical welfare. In my absence he had been seized by a brilliant idea for a five-act play, and, when I entered, he broke upon me with a passionate scene from this masterpiece, like roaring billows on the sands of a modest watering-place. "Look here, Raoul," I said, during a pause in the flow, "I have just come from a capital institution——" Here he gave a terrific growl, down in a corner where he was impersonating a body-snatcher who had lighted by accident on the bones of his father's murderer. "It's a really comfortable place, you know; hot bath every night, and fresh towels." "*Mon père!*" shrieked the body-snatcher, shaking the imaginary bones in the air. "Oh, come now, Raoul, you must really take your position seriously; you can't go on like that, you know, and here's an institution——" It was no use; his body was convulsed by a sobbing appeal to the shade of his murdered parent. When he had finished the act, he took up his pen, and bit it savagely. "Ah! you English!" he cried, "you have the blood of the fish! I write a play, I am well disposed, I have—what you call?—the divine flame, and you come with your nonsense of an institution. Bah!" There spoke the genius of impecuniosity! I have remembered his words all these years with torturing jealousy. Had I never saved five shillings (with the help of the meat-pie), I, too, might have risen to these glorious heights of indifference to the trumpery details of a hand-to-mouth existence, even when it was my mouth and an institution's hand!



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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.**THE LIMITS OF THE TELEPHONE.**

Now and again the daily papers give publicity to the well-meant efforts of some would-be reformer. To-day it may be the Rev. Mr. Somebody who takes action against an omnibus company for exhibiting advertisements on the windows, to-morrow it may be some householder wicked enough to worry a water-company. Sometimes a magistrate gives a decision or states a case for the consideration of some higher court of jurisdiction; very often the action-taker gets charged to such an extent that his own advertisement is a very dear one. In any case, it were well for the prudent man to give law the widest possible berth. The truth of the matter is that I was very much tempted last week to indict her Majesty's Postmaster-General and certain of his servants or agents. I have not done so, for I am very unwilling to add even my small mite to the troubles of Britannia, and, as the Post Office is a useful institution, I feel that I must refrain from bringing about its destruction. But I have a grievance, and the world shall judge between me and the Postmaster-General. If, when foreign troubles are a thing of the past, some financier offers to back me up, I am still ready to make St. Martin's Le Grand tremble to its very foundations, and to bring the Post Office to its metaphorical knees. The facts of the case may be briefly set down as follow. I went to the telephone to speak with a friend in the City. The people at the Exchange connected me with his office, we exchanged a "Hullo!"; he asked me who I was, and I told him truthfully. Then my ear had a sudden shock, and a great, coarse, unknown voice screamed out, "And they say the market is half a point up, so sell me a hundred." Now this remark, in no way connected with my friend or myself, was aggravating, and it was followed by a dozen different voices inquiring "Are you there?" Then a lady's voice came softly through the tube, and asked me if I could call at five o'clock, when she would have them ready. Some more cries of "Are you there?" and "Hullo!" followed, succeeded by two swear-words and the remark, "He left town this morning." Thereupon, having exhausted my patience, I rang off the telephone, and went to the nearest telegraph office. I wired, "Come and see me, telephone be 'condemned'—abbreviated form. "I can't send this, sir," said the clerk, pointing to the abbreviation; "you must use another word." "You're quite right," I said cheerfully; "it doesn't quite express my feelings. Try —," and I gave him something more to the point. He said that was worse, and went to consult his superior. In the end they combined against me, and I had to compromise, and wire a tame hope that the telephone might suffer from the wind. B.

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FANCY AND FIGURE-SKATING. By the Hon. ALGERNON GROSVENOR.	IN THE GATES OF THE NORTH. By STANDISH O'GRADY.
SOME DISUSED ROADS TO MATRIMONY. By FRANCIS WATT.	A PAIR OF SCOUNDRELS. By CHARLES WHIBLEY.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.



THE NEW BALLET, "LA DANSE," AT THE EMPIRE.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*





## DEATH IN THE DRAMATIC WORLD.

## "MONS." MARIUS.

Death has been unusually busy of late in the dramatic world, and last week alone it was announced that two familiar players had shuffled off the stage—namely, "Mons." Marius and Mr. Harry Eversfield. News, which happily proved untrue, also came from the Canary Islands that Miss Alma Stanley had died there.

In "Mons." Marius (as he was affectionately termed) his friends lose a bright, vivacious companion, and playgoers a finished, dexterous comedian. Of recent years—one may almost say, for more than a decade—his singing voice had practically been extinguished; but he remained a histrionic artist of the first rank in the comic sphere. No part, indeed, came quite amiss to him; his only failure, probably, was that which certainly befell him when he essayed to play Sir Charles Pomander in "Masks and Faces." But that was only because the manner and the accent were French instead of English. As a stage Englishman (he played one in "The Pharisee") he could hardly be a success. Wherever a French accent was permissible he was delightful. He had all the airiness, all the expressiveness of his race. This was seen especially in his pantomime. Five years ago he submitted at the Gaiety what he called "a play without words"—"The Silver Line." It was quite perfect in the lightness, the significance, of each touch.

"Mons." has died comparatively young. He was only in his forty-sixth year. He was first seen in England in 1869, when he appeared at the Lyceum as Landry in "Chilperic," and as Siebel in "Little Faust." Then he went to the wars, but soon came back again, and adopted England as his dwelling-place. In 1872 he was at the Philharmonic, playing in the never-to-be-forgotten production of "Geneviève de Brabant"—the Martel to the Drogan of Miss Soldene. But it is from his accession to the charming company at the Strand in 1873 that his celebrity really dates. It was there and then that he laid the foundation of his fame. Truly inspiring were his surroundings. Those were the days of Edward Terry, and W. S. Penley, and Harry Cox, and Lottie Venne, and Rachel Sanger, and Angelina Claude. With these



"MONS." MARIUS.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

congenial souls the volatile and vivid young Frenchman was speedily at home, figuring successively in "Nemesis," and "Loo," and "Flamingo," and "Princess Toto" (with Kate Santley), and "Dan'l Traduced," and "The Maid and the Magpie" (revived), and "Family Ties," and "The Red Rover" (in which he was the Rover), and "Diplomacy" (in which he was Count Orloff).

With the last-named, it may be said, ended the second stage of his career. From burlesque and extravaganza he passed to comic opera of the Parisian sort. In 1879, at the Strand, came "Madame Favart," in which "Mons." appeared for the first time with his future wife, Miss Florence St. John. How persuasive and engaging he was as Favart, and, afterwards, how amusingly vigorous he was as Merimae in "Olivette," at the same theatre, need not be said. In 1883, he and Miss St. John migrated to the Avenue, where he was Malicorne in "Lurette," and Popolani in "Barbe Bleue," with his old comrade, Lottie Venne, beside him in both pieces. It was at this point that his vocal power began to fail him. His next engagement was for comedy pure and simple—in "Featherbrain," at the Criterion. In 1886 he "created," at the tentative *matinée*, the rôle of Baron Hartfeldt in "Jim the Penman." He returned to comic opera in "Mynheer Jan," but hardly as a singer. Later, in 1887, he broke definitely with the lyric drama, undertaking the genial Count Dromiroff in "As in a Looking-Glass," and Jacques Legros in "The Skeleton." In the following year he was the rascally Chevalier de Valence in "Ariane."

From that time onwards his artistic career was chequered. He was seen in "The Love that Kills," in "Pepita," in "Tenterhooks" (as a peppery Colonel), in "London Day by Day" (as a conventional "villain"), in "The Sixth Commandment" (as a Russian police official), in "Joan of Arc" (as a burlesque King), and so forth. In 1892 he went to Australia with Mrs. Bernard Beere, to act and stage-manage. Afterwards, he went to America, to do the same things. In stage-management, indeed, he had secured of late some notable triumphs; of farce and

comic opera he was a thorough master. Following the American experiences came a few appearances at benefit *matinées*. Then he went to the Isle of Wight to recruit; and, last of all, he accepted an engagement for South Africa. Since his voice failed he had not been quite the same man. All we have to remember is, that he had a good heart and was a good artist. And it is something to be able to say that.

## MR. HARRY EVERSFIELD.

This young actor's last appearance in London was with Miss Stanley as the jockey in "The Derby-Winner," at Drury Lane. He began life as a choir-boy at the Brompton Oratory, and took to the stage in 1879, as a ploughboy at the Princess's, subsequently figuring in the Children's "Pinafore" Company. Since then he had played pretty constantly in town, at the Strand in "Vice Versa," "Katti," and "The Late Lamented"; at the Court Theatre in "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," and "Dandy Dick"; at the Haymarket in "Peril"; at the Opéra Comique in "Our Flat" and "Trooper Clairette"; at the Princess's in "The Life We Live"; and at the Adelphi in "Shall We Forgive Her?" In 1888 he went to America with "Katti," and at the time of his death he was playing at the Broadway Theatre, New York, as Aleck St. Aubyn, in "An Artist's Model." Mr. Eversfield, who died from an overdose of morphine, married the widow of Mr. John Clayton, the lady being a daughter of the late Dion Boucicault.



MR. EVERSFIELD IN "THE DERBY-WINNER."

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

## THE REPORTED DEATH OF MISS ALMA STANLEY.

Miss Alma Stanley has Scotch, English, and Spanish blood in her veins, was born at St. Heliers, began her professional career as a dancer in the ballet at Milan, and has figured in all kinds of entertainments, from circus

business to the deepest tragedy. She made her first appearance on the stage in 1873, at Hull, in "Lucrezia Borgia," and from that time down to the present has played in most London theatres. In 1876-7 she was a Gaiety girl; in 1879 she toured with Phelps, and had a part in the Covent Garden pantomime of "Sinbad," though she doesn't like pantomime. She toured America, had several engagements at the Adelphi, most recently in "A Woman's Revenge," "The Cotton King," and "The Two Orphans," when she sang a rollicking air, "Once Again." She has had six engagements at Drury Lane, the latest being in "The Derby-Winner," where she displayed her skill as a horse-woman, which she acquired in childhood at a military riding-school. In 1891 she gained some notoriety for the masculine costume she donned in "Joan of Arc." She figured in a number of plays produced under the Hawtrey management, her latest appearance being in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," at the Avenue, which she was reluctantly compelled to leave in consequence of a throat trouble entailing loss of voice. May her recovery be a speedy one, for it would be difficult to replace Miss Stanley on the London stage.



MISS ALMA STANLEY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.





MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS PRINCESS FLAVIA IN THE CORONATION SCENE

IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## SMALL TALK.

The funeral of Prince Henry, on Wednesday, was singularly impressive. On Thursday, the Queen visited the mausoleum containing the remains, and, it is said, she wishes the place on the quarter-deck of the *Albert* where the body lay to be marked by a cross inlaid.

Mr. C. Amédée Forestier, who has been commissioned by the Queen to illustrate the funeral of the dead Prince, has more than once attracted the attention of royalty by his charming black-and-white work. Mr. Forestier was born in Paris, in 1854, but has resided in London for many years now, where he has continually illustrated stories and done delightful work for the *Illustrated London News* and the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Mr. Forestier is not only an accomplished artist, but his work is invariably characterised by the utmost conscientiousness in detail. He manages very happily in private life to combine the rôle of a patriotic Frenchman with a sincere affection for this country. He is known alike among authors and artists as a thoroughly



MR. C. AMÉDÉE FORESTIER.

good comrade; and, among his other interests, he is an enthusiastic member of the Omar Kháyyám Club, for which function he has twice drawn the menu-card.

The Queen returns to Windsor on Friday, on which date Princess Beatrice arrives at Nice. The Poet Laureate is holidaying there, by the way.

The Laureate bay is inducing "A. A."  
To deluge the *Times* with his loyalist rhymes;  
While the *Westminster, Chronicle, Daily News* trouble you  
With patriot-sonnets by "W. W."

The Marquis of Lorne is determined to let the royal family know that it need not go beyond its own bounds for a Laureate. His "lines" on Prince Henry are quite equal to any we might expect from the official quarter, and, from the fact of the authorship, far more interesting. But Field-Marshal the Prince of Wales may not think it quite fair for Lord Lorne to point out in this way that the race of Battenberg bears sons—

whose lives disdain  
The blazonry of war to wear  
Without its share of pain.

After all, the Prince of Wales may personally "disdain" his honorary position in the army; but it is imposed on him by the will of the three estates of the realm.

Few people are aware of the thoughtful kindness which the Queen bestows on members of the theatrical profession who entertain her at Balmoral or Osborne. Not long ago a gentleman, who appeared before her Majesty with a little song, was seized with sudden illness. He was kept in the royal quarters for a week, and carefully tended. When he took his departure, a little note was handed to him. It contained ten pounds, and said her Majesty hoped he would permit her to make this small contribution towards defraying the expenses of his illness.

The Princess of Wales has become patroness of the concert to be given, by permission of the Duchess of Sutherland, at Stafford House, on June 11, in aid of the building-fund of the Free Home for the Dying, Clapham.

Mr. George P. Bidder, the eminent Parliamentary Q.C., who has met his death through an unfortunate street-accident in Manchester, was the gifted son of an exceptionally gifted father, known in the early days of this century as the "Calculating Boy." Born in 1800, Waterloo was still some ten years off when he amused himself in the nursery with extraordinary problems in arithmetic. The old nursery-rhyme, "Multiplication is my vexation," would have found no admirer in young Bidder, who, at an age when most children know but little arithmetic, and loathe what they know, amused himself by counting up to a million, and would build up peas, marbles, and shot into squares, cubes, and other regular figures. He invented processes of his own, and could calculate infinitely more rapidly in his head than could other lads with pencil and paper. When he became eminent as a civil engineer, he not infrequently embarrassed counsel in contested Railway Bills by confuting their statements of figures before the words were well out of their mouths. I well remember the marvellous calculator in the early 'seventies, a white-haired, courteous old gentleman, to whose good-nature I owed many a pleasant day's fly-fishing at his charming seat, Ravensbury Park, Mitcham. The river Wandle runs through the lovely park, and I know of no water so near London which affords trout-fishers such excellent

sport as the preserved sections of this almost suburban river. Mr. Bidder would stroll down and see how the fishing went on, and was delighted when an exceptionally difficult throw was successful.

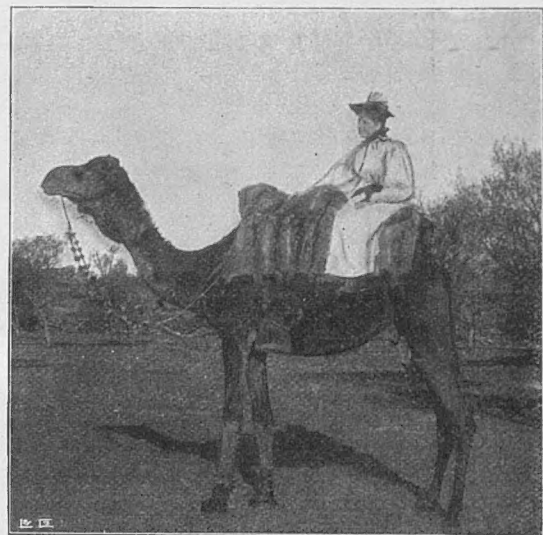
Tom Taylor's capital costume melodrama, "Plot and Passion," has been revived at a series of amateur performances given at the West Theatre, Albert Hall, on behalf of that most deserving institution, the London Throat Hospital. The all-round excellence of the production was quite remarkable. Mr. Auckland Branwell, with a picturesque stage-presence, and some subtlety of dramatic expression, made an effective figure of the wily Fouché, and Mr. Percy Vernon played cleverly as the callous intriguer, Desmarests. The acting honours, however, fell to those most accomplished of amateurs, Mrs. Charles Sim and Mr. Alan Mackinnon. As Marie de Fontanges, Mrs. Sim played with great force and sincerity. The woman's reckless passion for the gaming-table, and her gradual awakening to the better influences of love for the man on whom she has to play the spy, were admirably realised. Mr. Mackinnon, as Henri de Neuville, played with considerable charm.

In the course of his Irish tour, Mr. F. R. Benson is presenting "Coriolanus," which was first revived by him at the Shakspeare Memorial performances at Stratford-on-Avon two years ago. The tragedy was received with enthusiasm at Cork, where Mr. Benson and his company also gave a special benefit *matinée* of "The Rivals," by which a large sum was realised in aid of the fund for relieving the sufferers by the recent disastrous floods. To show their gratitude and esteem, the Mayor and other local authorities made a presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Benson, and the visit ended with much speech-making and other tributes of regard. Mr. Benson is now playing in Belfast, at the handsome new Opera-House, the memorial-stone of which he unveiled just before Christmas. The Irish seem to have a great appreciation for Shakspeare, and rally round Mr. Benson's standard in larger numbers each year. It is interesting to note the predominance of Tragedy in his Irish repertoire; "Othello," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," and the other plays of sterner stuff, occupy the bill almost, though not entirely, to the exclusion of "Twelfth Night," "The Merry Wives," and the other comedies, which are equally in demand in the English provinces.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Hermann Vezin, having returned from the provinces, is back at his chambers in Lancaster Place, Strand, and will in future devote most of his time to preparing pupils for the stage, and giving lessons in elocution. It would be hard to find a more able master than he.

In its February number the new monthly issue of the *Album* continues its series of portraits of leading actresses, charmingly depicted in a novel style of colour-printing. Miss Marion Terry, Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Olga Nethersole, and Miss Kate Rorke are the bright particular stars represented. Mr. Charles Lowe contributes an interesting article on "The House of Battenberg," and Mr. Meynell recaptures some welcome glimpses of the late Lord Leighton's beautiful house and of the gracious personality that filled it. An appreciation of Mr. William Small's extremely varied work forms the second article on "Artists of the Illustrated Press," and the several short stories of the number are fresh and unconventional. A wealth of other articles and illustrations make up a most acceptable number, with which is given a pretty mezzotint plate, "Saying Grace," from the picture by Carlton Smith.

Here is a picture of Miss Helen Benporath on the fastest camel in Western Australia. You will observe that he is eagerly sniffing the distance, impatient to escape from the photographer, and break his "record" mile. This is not at all the camel to which Rudyard Kipling has accustomed our imagination—the devil, and the ostrich, and the orphan child in one. *He* doesn't "chaw" Miss Benporath's "bloomin' arm" when she pats his nose and praises his fleetness. Perhaps there is something in the air of Western Australia which makes this camel a reasonable, and even a benignant creature; perhaps the grace of his fair rider is much more wholesome for him than the society of Tommy Atkins in India. Anyway, an enlarged photograph of this regenerated beast ought to be set up for the contemplation of Tommy Atkins's camels in every Indian cantonment. Probably they would eat it; but who shall say that the diet would not prove salutary?



MISS HELEN BENPORATH UPON THE FASTEST CAMEL IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



The young Countess Delawarr, as Lady Cantelupe, has long been popular in English society. Even before her marriage, when still the Hon. Muriel Agnes Brassey, she occupied a prominent position among the "smart" set, for she acted for some years as hostess of Lord Brassey's splendid mansion in Park Lane. Like her mother, the first Lady Brassey, Countess Delawarr is passionately fond of the sea, and is never so happy as when on a yacht, notwithstanding the terrible tragedy—the drowning of her husband's eldest brother, off Belfast, in 1890—so closely connected with her ladyship's present family. As a child, the Countess took part in many of the famous voyages of her father's yacht, the *Sunbeam*, and, with possibly the exception of the young Duchess of Sutherland, she is the most "travelled lady" in the Peerage.

Bexhill-on-Sea, near St. Leonards, for which Lord Delawarr works so hard, is situated within a short distance of the present Countess's early home, Normanhurst. She is devoted to the place, and takes a warm personal interest in all that concerns it, the more so that both she and her husband are fond of country life and sports, especially riding and driving, and that, owing to a series of fortunate accidents, many of her ladyship's nearest relations are connected with Sussex.

It is pleasant to hear of one German official who is not inflamed against everything English. A copy of Mr. E. S. Horsburgh's book on the Waterloo campaign was sent to Count Schlieffen, the head of the German military staff, who has written a letter expressing his high appreciation of the work, and especially of the author's tribute to the important part played by the Prussians at the decisive moment. In this country we are apt to forget what Blucher did for Wellington. Who knows that Mr. Horsburgh's impartial and timely reminder may not be soothing the fluttered bosom of the Kaiser?

The *Times* introduces Mr. George Whale to the playgoing public in one of his numerous impersonations. He is an ex-Parliamentary candidate and an ex-President of the Omar Khayyam Club. Anon he discourses, with ripe erudition, on the literature of the eighteenth century. Sometimes he figures as Clerk to the Board of Works at Lee. In that capacity (says the *Times*) he has been telling the County Council that they ought to hand over various powers to his Board, including the inspection of "petroleum, gunpowder, fireworks, and other explosives." I infer from this that Mr. George Whale's company, which is much appreciated by his friends, may be dangerous on or about the Fifth of November. He may put petroleum or fireworks in his pocket, in mistake for a volume of poetry. Any social engagements with him for that date had better be cancelled.

I do not dabble in stocks and shares, but I get a great deal of financial literature, some of which is highly entertaining. Here is a circular setting forth the advantages of some speculating concern. It invites me to put my money into this and that adventure, and, by way of stimulating my interest, it is adorned with pictures of the "director's room" and his "lady clerks." It is a most comfortable room, and the ladies are all beautiful and fashionably dressed; yet, somehow, these works of art do not stir me in the least. Can this be a sign of old age, or of some paralysing malady? I must consult a doctor.

Again, here is a prospectus of a "racehorse syndicate." I can have a share for a guinea in a noble animal, with a pedigree that "denotes soundness and stamina." It is rather shy at present, and has been entered for only one race, just to give it confidence and "an acquaintance with the hubbub of a racecourse." After a while, no doubt, it will get accustomed to the cheers of the syndicate, and win everything by a neck with the utmost composure; but, somehow, I don't crave for shares. If the enterprising speculator who has started this brilliant idea would send me a handsome oil-painting of the horse, that might move me; but, though I do not like to disappoint real commercial genius, I can't pledge myself.

Major Rasch has a little Bill for curtailing the loquacity of the House of Commons. He would give Ministers an hour apiece when they had anything to say, and other members twenty minutes. The Major is a sanguine man if he thinks this proposal has any chance of being accepted. The dearest privilege of our legislators is that of consuming time. It is a weapon used by all parties, though they accuse one another of monopolising it. Besides, the chief characteristic of Parliamentary eloquence is diffuseness. To say in as many words as possible what has been said twenty times already is the ambition of nearly every man who wants to make an impression in the House and on his constituents. Major Rasch ought to start his reform in the constituencies by persuading the electors to vote against every candidate who will not pledge himself never to be more than twenty minutes on his legs.

I have a great respect for the National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertisement; but when they tell me that many people are driven to the Continent for their holidays, because English holiday-resorts are disfigured by advertisers, they are asking a little too much from my aesthetic credulity. Moreover, I fear that the local bodies they want to entrust with powers to put down advertisements which are eyesores will be guided by commercial rather than artistic considerations. It is not easy to convince the average man that a beautiful view is spoilt by an advertisement of pills. Exaggeration of that kind defeats its own object, as when it is contended that a railway up the Jungfrau must destroy the picturesqueness of the mountain.

I have received from Mr. Penley a handsome *bonbonnière*, full of sweets, and a match-box, both souvenirs of "Charley's Aunt." The matches, I found, were intended to be eaten, and not struck; and when I was seen eating matches at my club, the other members held a hasty conference in the smoking-room, to consider whether they ought to send for Dr. Blandford and ask him to sign a certificate for my removal to an asylum. Both boxes are decorated with Mr. Penley's speaking countenance in the character of the immortal old lady at the Globe; and, as they will go down to my posterity as heirlooms, I have no doubt that a century hence they will be regarded in the family as precious relics of an ancestress who distinguished herself by good works in the Victorian era.

I have just had a letter from Madame Jane May, the famous French actress dear to London as the Pierrot of "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Prince of Wales's. She is in America, and full of indignation. In the land of Stars and Stripes she is appearing in "Mademoiselle Pygmalion," a pantomime written by herself and Michel Carré, with music by François Thomé. For a long time, the words success and triumph were the record of the tour. At Bridgeport—that I am a public-school man must excuse my ignorance of the State in which it is—a parson named Pullman "went for" her in church. His chaste mind had been shocked by her gestures when, as the sculptress, she was making love to Pierrot, and, putting upon them the worst possible meaning, he denounced the actress in his church or chapel in language which, with French candour, she quotes, "une basse courtisane Parisienne." All the world knows, or ought to, that American law is founded on our common law, though there are wide differences here and there, as in the marriage laws of New York, founded on the Scotch system of irregular marriages, or in Louisiana, where the famous Edward Livingston did some capital codification. Consequently, it is not actionable in America to call a woman "une basse," &c., unless special damage results. Till lately the law was the same over here. So Madame May had no remedy for the absurd, infamous defamation. However, the Press has taken up the quarrel, and the tour has been the gainer. I cannot help quoting a specimen of musical criticism from a Hartford paper. Speaking of Thomé's music, it says, "The music explained much of the pantomime. Sometimes the piano fairly seemed to count *un, deux, trois, quatre*—"Fancy that!" as poor Tesman would have said—"and the violins sang of love as plainly as a sonnet."



COUNTRESS DELAWARR.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street, W.C.



The arrival in Sydney of Viscount Hampden, the Governor of New South Wales, and his charming Viscountess, was made much of, and, when invitations were issued for the first reception at their vice-regal residence, excitement reached its highest point. Although Lord and Lady Hampden had been much in evidence since their arrival in the Colony, indefatigable in attending to their official duties, opening bazaars, presenting college-prizes, and visiting places of interest in the town, a vast portion of the Sydney residents had not yet seen them, so that, on



VISCOUNTESS HAMPDEN.

From a Photo taken at the Crown Studio, Sydney.

the occasion of Lady Hampden's first garden-party, scarcely one of the three thousand invitations issued was unrepresented. The company was largely representative; and, as the ladies promenaded the terraced lawns, arrayed in the daintiest of summer confections, the scene was attractive to a degree. The Admiral was present, attended by his staff, and accompanied by the captains and officers of the various warships; also the Chief Justice and Lady Darley, the Primate of Sydney, Sir Joseph and Lady Abbott, Sir George and Lady Innis, Sir Henry and Lady Parkes, Sir William and Lady Windeyer, &c. A departure from the usual order of vice-regal receptions was introduced by Lady Hampden on this occasion, and, instead of the vice-regal group being stationed on the verandah, before which the guests passed as they arrived, the visitors were allowed to assemble in the garden.

In an interview which *The Sketch* correspondent had previously had with Lady Hampden, it was pleasant to find that she was thoroughly happy in her new home, and had found the arrangements made for her reception at Government House of the most complete. She spoke also in enthusiastic praise of the surroundings of the vice-regal residence, and of the beauties of the harbour, on which she had enjoyed many pleasant sails. In regard to the new Governor, even at this early stage it is easy to predict for him a successful career in New South Wales, and when it is understood that that success will be second only to the success which Lord Jersey enjoyed, his merits and the appreciation of them may be realised. Lord Hampden has proved himself to be a capable and tactful speaker on those occasions which demand capacity and judgment, while his attitude at semi-official functions, and his unaffected, genial manner in social life, have won for him golden opinions.

One has heard so much lately against the masters of the Uitlanders that to the minds of many people the words Boer and Boor are interchangeable terms. Yet by the latest mail I have received copies of three publications which show that Johannesburg, whatever its political condition, is able to turn out newspapers thoroughly up to date. The Christmas Number of the *Johannesburg Times* is an enormous publication, simply cram-full of pictures. All of the process blocks, it is true,

have been made in London, but the editor promises that next year a photogravure business will be in full swing in Pretoria. The cover, however, has been done in Johannesburg, and is printed in nine colours. If the material in the number is not very Christmassy, it is because the instinct of the place as yet is mainly commercial. That being so, one is not astonished to find that the sixpenny monthly called *Machinery* has run into about a dozen numbers. But Johannesburg is not wholly given up to Mammon, for I note that *Machinery* has taken to giving full-page lithographs of Gaiety and other girls who introduce lighter London successes for the benefit of South Africa. My readers may know that the *Johannesburg Standard and Digging News*, which was established in 1887, has recently started a London edition, which is published on Thursdays.

I have just seen the *Situmina*. It is an illustrated monthly magazine, the first of the kind, conducted in the Singhalese language. The magazine is started in commemoration of the railway extension to Matara, "a town," says the editor, in his quaint English, "which was the cradle of many a native poet, and reputed in the annals of Singhalese history for the uninterrupted prosperity it enjoyed during the régime of the native sovereigns. Unlike many magazines, started with different views and motives, which, consequently, had a short-lived existence, the *Situmina* is undertaken with the pure and disinterested motive of doing good to Ceylon and to the Ceylonese."

A few days ago I called at the Crystal Palace and had a chat with Mr. Gilman, the newly appointed manager, who replaces Captain Henshaw Russell. My first inquiry was about change of policy, and Mr. Gilman said that the most noticeable alteration would be the prominence given to sports of every sort. "Inside and outside the Palace," he said, "we shall devote much of our attention to sports and pastimes. We shall have or two extra shows, notably one of horses, while concerts, illuminations, fêtes, and firework displays will, of course, remain in our programme." Of himself, Mr. Gilman, with a modesty that approached shyness, would say nothing; but I have known him for some years at the Crystal Palace as a hard-working, business-like man, and it may safely be assumed that he is able to cope with the many difficulties of his position. I sincerely wish the management would see



VISCOUNT HAMPDEN.

From a Photo taken at the Crown Studio, Sydney.

its way to reorganise the delightful *al fresco* ballets of a few summer seasons ago. They were so delightful that, for the first year or so of their existence, the other gods kept Jupiter Pluvius away. Then the old rogue must have heard of the beauty of these open-air entertainments, and he used to attend them so often that they became impossible. But the memory of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" ballet still clings to me.



# JOHANNESBURG IN TIME OF WAR.

*Photographs by Mr. Melton Prior (Special Correspondent of "The Illustrated London News"), Mr. Barnett, and others.*



THE SCOTS COMPANY IN THE MARKET SQUARE.



FILLING SANDBAGS FOR EARTHWORKS WEST OF THE TOWN.



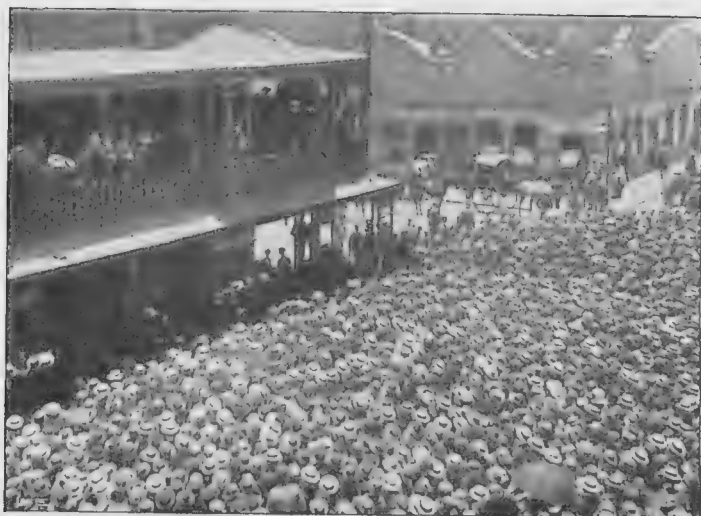
GUARDING THE BANK.



A BELLCOSE BILL.



A VOLUNTEER POLICEMAN.



SIR JACOBUS DE WET, BRITISH AGENT IN THE TRANSVAAL, COMMANDING JOHANNESBURG TO LAY DOWN ITS ARMS.



VOLUNTEERS GOING OUT ON SENTRY DUTY.



Sir George Newnes is to be heartily congratulated on his latest venture, the *Navy and Army Illustrated*, which he is publishing in conjunction with Messrs. Hudson and Kearns. The illustrations, which are exclusively photographic, are admirably reproduced and printed. The current issue deals partly with H.M.S. *Magnificent* and partly with the army. A portrait is given of Colonel Barrington Bulkley Douglas Campbell, the regimental commander of the Scots Guards, with whom he has served since 1864. He went through the Egyptian campaign. The periodical ought to strengthen popular interest in both services.

I am very pleased to see that Mr. MacMonnies, the fine American sculptor who designed and carried through the great fountain of the Chicago Exhibition, has been awarded the Légion d'Honneur—that bit of red ribbon which Frenchmen all prize so highly. He and his wife—also, by the way, a constant exhibitor—have long been among the most distinguished representatives of American art in Paris. Though both on the sunny side of thirty, it is now many years since they first set up their household gods in one of the quaintest groups of studios to be found near the Gare Montparnasse, on the left side of the Seine. Mr. MacMonnies has always had a special predilection for fountains, and he will any day pack up his portmanteau and travel a long distance to see a fine example of one of those nymph-shadowed Renaissance basins still to be found in the grounds of many old French châteaux.

Even in the mysterious world of Borderland Mr. Stead admits that the possession of a tangible "double," or other self, may prove a serious nuisance. How much more this is the case in actual everyday life the President of the French Republic is learning to his cost. Although Faure is by no means a common French name, as names go, there is actually in the French political world of today another Félix Faure, and, what is more, a onetime Under-Secretary of State and Minister of Marine. For a long time Monsieur le Président bore, as well as he was able, the disagreeable incidents caused by this confusing case of mistaken identity; but when it came to long letters, signed by his "double," being published as his, the worm turned, and, through a discreet *communiqué*, the President has pointed out plaintively that his homonym was never apprenticed to a tanner, and was born at Havre, while he, the present head of the State, claims Amboise as his birthplace, and is in no sense ashamed of having spent a considerable portion of his youth making leather.

The Presidential shooting-parties, which always take place in the belt of beautiful, and at one time royal, woods encircling Versailles, Marly, and St. Germain, are among the pleasantest official functions falling to the

lot of M. Félix Faure, the more so that the President himself is an excellent shot, and numbers among his personal friends several well-known Parisian sportsmen. Of late years *le sport* has also been taken up with enthusiasm by Frenchwomen. The fashion was first set by the Comtesse de Paris.

Below is an ingenious and economical way of making a screen. An appreciative correspondent in Salisbury has been at the trouble to cut out pictures from the pages of *The Sketch* and paste them on a screen, so that, without leaving his own fire-side, he can always be in a theatrical atmosphere.

A letter bearing the Swedish postmark has been sent to me, addressed, "Miss Alice Lethbridge, the celebrated actress of the office of *The Sketch*, Strand, London, W." I need hardly say that Miss Lethbridge does not reside at these offices, but, if she will tell me her whereabouts, I shall be glad to forward the letter.

The Orphean Dramatic Club of Bombay, to which I have referred already in these columns, produced a burlesque specially written for it, and entitled "Elizabeth, R.; or, The Lovers of Good Queen Bess," at the end of December. The libretto is a clever bit of jingle throughout, and the performance, in which fifty people took part, is highly spoken of by the critics. The scale of the show may be gauged from the fact that the expenses ran up to four thousand rupees.

Madame Cavallazzi, the Empire's leading pantomimist, is taking a well-earned holiday pending the revival of "Faust." If ever artist deserved holiday, Madame does. Night after night, in all seasons, in times of trouble and bad health alike, she is at her post, never flagging, never allowing a performance to go by without putting forth every effort. The same on a first night as on the last performance, she is always identified with, almost lost in the character she represents. I believe she is at present in Italy, or on the Riviera, and one must not grudge her the brief rest, although the Empire can but ill afford to lose her services, even for a few short weeks.

At a dinner given to Mr. Hall Caine during his visit to Ottawa, a gentleman unexpectedly called on for a speech replied as follows—

If you ask me to speak in the presence of Caine,  
While the rest of you sit round the table,  
I'll rise in my place at the board and explain,  
That, though pious and good, I'm not—Abel.

"Michael and His Lost Angel," according to *New York Life*, "should gain for Mr. Henry Arthur Jones a prominent niche among the decadent dramatists of modern London. It is certainly bad enough."



COLONEL BARRINGTON BULKLEY DOUGLAS CAMPBELL.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.



SCREENS MADE OF ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "THE SKETCH."



Miss Ethel Earle, who is the principal boy in "Goody Two Shoes," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, made her first stage appearance in the Gaiety chorus, five years ago, and took part in several of the burlesques there.

Apropos of Mr. Augustin Daly's promised revival of "Henry IV.," people have been furbishing up their recollections of stage Falstaffs of



MISS ETHEL EARLE.

A Photograph taken with Footlight Effects by Barrauds, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

the past generation. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" has, of course, been recalled, but, so far, I have seen no mention of M. Victor Maurel's superb and truly Shaksperian impersonation of the fat Knight in Verdi's fine lyrical comedy; nor has anyone, I think, spoken of the Sir John of Mr. Henry Murray, a gentleman not to be confounded with the fiery younger brother of Mr. David Christie Murray.

"The Romance of the Shopwalker," by the authors of "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," now in active rehearsal, will be produced by Mr. Weedon Grossmith at the Vaudeville Theatre on or about to-morrow week. The piece is described as a comedy-drama, to distinguish it from plays which are entirely farcical. The leading character will be created by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, supported by Mr. Sydney Warden, Mr. David James, Miss Annie Hill, Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Talbot, Miss M. A. Victor, &c., while Miss May Palfrey will make her reappearance as the heroine.

It is matter for regret that Miss Farren's plucky endeavour to restore the fortunes of the Opéra Comique should have ended disastrously; but perhaps the brave heroine of Gaiety burlesques has found consolation in the undying devotion of "the boys." On the first night they gave her a reception that almost raised the roof of the theatre, and on the last they gave her another. Protest was of no avail; raising the curtain two or three times was not enough; "the boys" would have their Nellie, and thundered and cheered until she came upon the stage and bowed again and again. I hope she will essay management again, with a better piece than "Madame," and that the frenzied greetings of her many admirers may rouse the echoes of some theatre with a better reputation for success than the Opéra Comique. The most curious part of Miss Farren's own performances was, perhaps, their appeal to people who lived outside the sphere of imitations. I think myself that she was born to delight Londoners, and that country cousins and foreigners were permitted to appreciate her by special dispensation of Providence.

Messrs. William and Ben Greet have made an excellent choice in engaging Mr. Norman V. Norman for Mr. Wilson Barrett's part of Marcus Superbus in their spring tour of "The Sign of the Cross." Mr. Norman V. Norman is a tall, dark fellow, of good stage presence, and an excellent elocutionist, in every way well suited to a rôle calling for effective poses and much sustained declamation. He is a cultured

and ambitious actor, and has been concerned in most of the London productions of the plays of Mr. Walter E. Grogan, an aspiring young Torquay journalist. I have long had my eye upon Mr. N. V. Norman, and I hope he will make good use of the golden opportunity now presented to him.

Some idea of the vogue gained in the provinces by the dramatised "Trilby" may be formed from the fact that Mr. C. J. Abud has now organised four touring companies, labelled respectively North, South, East, and West.

Some time ago, I referred to a rumour then current that Mr. Willard would appear, during his tenancy of the Garrick Theatre, as Count Fosco, in "The Woman in White." Now I observe that a provincial tour is arranged of the stage-version of Wilkie Collins's celebrated novel, and that the part of the fat Italian ex-conspirator will be played by Mr. Henry Bedford, a powerful actor, of long and varied experience, who has lately been appearing in country and non-West-End theatres in the leading rôle in "The King of Crime," one of the Shirley-Landeeke dramas. Mr. Bedford was the Seum Goodman on the Kendals' revival of "Clancarty" at the St. James's, Mr. G. W. Anson having been the original exponent of the character.

Inspired by the truly "phenomenal" success of Yvette Guilbert in New York, Miss Maggie Cline, a member of the company at one of the leading variety houses in the Empire City, now calls herself "the Irish Guilbert."

With respect to the realistic effects introduced into modern plays, I am tempted to cry both "Quousque tandem, Catilina?" and "Hold, enough!" A new musical sporting melodrama, "The Hunting Day," is being prepared for production, and in this the non-human members of the cast will include a fine hunter (by no means the first of similar performing horses), some foxhounds (after the manner of the pack brought on in "Dorothy"), and—a live fox. Poor Reynard will not, I presume, be gobbled up, brush excepted, *coram populo*. Only audiences composed entirely of sportsmen would stand that sort of thing.

The crowds of platform-reciters, professional or semi-amateur, who have amused audiences with that clever little piece, "Yawcob Strauss,"



MISS ROSE DEARING.

Photo by Whitlock, Birmingham.

should be interested to hear that the author of the same is joining their ranks. His name is Charles Follen Adams, and he is, of course, a countryman of Bret Harte and Charles Leland.



Miss Annie Halford, the Dick Whittington at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, began stage work at the age of sixteen, in Comic Opera days, at the Avenue. She has been on the "halls," too, and is an old hand at pantomime.

In that clever sketch entitled "The Man from Blankney's," the author of "Vice Versâ" hinted very plainly at the habit certain hostesses have of hiring guests to complete their numbers at dinner-parties. From what I can see, the enterprising man who starts an association to supply hostesses with eligible dancing-men would make a fortune in about a single season. It is a lamentable fact, from the point of view of the hostess aforesaid, that latter-day young men will not dance, even if they can. They vote dancing a senseless waste of time and energy, and I must confess to complete agreement with them. There are a few males who will attend dances whenever and wherever they get the chance; they are, for the most part, as Thackeray described them at the ball attended by Mr. Titmarsh and the Mulligan. To my mind, the inanity of dancing becomes daily more apparent. The constant shifting of partners, the impossibility of reasonable conversation, the usual inability of a chance couple to dance with anything approaching elegance, the hideous conventionality of the entire proceeding—all these things affect my nerves. Not one man in ten, and not one girl in five, can dance gracefully—that is, with a proper balance of body and limbs, with a fitting rhythm and with expression. Where does the *raison d'être* of the modern dance come in? The exercise cannot be healthy, carried on, as it is usually, in heated rooms, and accompanied by suppers from which a sensitive liver shrinks aghast.

A very dear friend of mine gives several dances during the year, at intervals, and, as she always allows me to express my opinions freely, I asked her why she gave them. "You have," I said, "only three daughters, two married, and the last scarcely in her teens; your son only attends your dances because you happen to be his mother. Men come to them for the sake of the supper, which is always excellent, and for the billiard-room, to which they manage to find their way. Not a few of them leave their card with the butler before they go, in order to avoid the conventional visit. Surely these entertainments are getting more farcical every year. Give them up; replace them by dinner-parties,



MISS MAUDE NELSON, PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE SURREY THEATRE.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

and let me choose whom I will take in to dinner." My hostess gave me one of her most fascinating smiles, and said she could invite one hundred and fifty people to a dance, but not to a dinner-party. That was practically all her defence. Meanwhile, the lack of men is becoming so embarrassing

that many hostesses send blank cards of invitation to their intimate friends, bidding them collect eligible male dancers. Is not this a burlesque of hospitality? I do not think that a hostess is right to ask, or a man to accept, an invitation to a house where he knows nobody. There are, of course, exceptional circumstances; but they, like all exceptions, go to prove the rule. I am prepared to become secretary to an Anti-Private Dancing League—provided the salary be munificent and the labours light.

At the National Skating Palace (in the whilom Hengler's Circus) one finds oneself on the verge of two worlds, for the luxuriousness of the Orient borders a realm ruled by King Frost. The transformations



MISS ANNIE HALFORD, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, PORTSMOUTH.

Photo by W. H. Mitchell, Southsea.

in the building form a constant source of astonishment. The mirrored walls, the painted ceilings, the cushioned lounges, the soft carpets of warmest hue; the tea- and dinner-rooms decorated with palms and flowers, are in excellent taste and most satisfactory as to comfort. But the ice, like the play, is the thing, and here, as well in January or in June, a real frozen surface of uniform consistency and elastic quality is provided by a patented novel method, with which we do not pretend to be particularly interested. It is enough that ice of first-rate quality is there. The *beau monde* and the beauty of the dramatic world seem to have discovered that the *glacière* is both handy and *chic*. Besides, here you may see the marvellous evolutions of Mr. Meagher (the Champion Skater of the World) without freezing to death, and you may learn to skate under the instruction of uniformed assistants. The price of admission is rather high, it seems to me; however, that is a matter in which I have no concern.

Miss Katie Vesey, now dancing at Drury Lane with great success, made her first appearance on any stage in the Toyland Scene of the present pantomime, "Cinderella." She is the daughter of Miss Clara Vesey, of Philharmonic Theatre fame, and a niece of Miss Emily Soldene. Miss Katie is of an interesting personality—blonde, fragile, *petite*. She possesses a singing-voice of sympathetic quality, a graceful manner, and a facility for expression. She is being carefully educated for the lighter lyric style, and her dancing is regarded as a means, not as an end. With so many advantages, she is sure to make a name, and she is still very young—scarcely fourteen.

I wonder if people ever think of the exact output of a popular medicine. I see that Mr. W. T. Owbridge, the maker of the well-known lung tonic, has opened new works at Hull. He has made himself in twenty years. He began manufacturing his remedy with a two-gallon bottle and a half-gallon pan. To-day he turns out 14,400 bottles a-day. Twenty years ago he spent one hundred pounds in advertising; to-day he spends £15,000 a-year, and I am glad to learn that he has found in *The Sketch* one of his most satisfactory mediums. The new buildings have cost between £5000 and £6000, and they are fitted up in a way which will make the preparation and bottling of the remedy simple and expeditious.





MISS KATIE VESEY, A DANCER IN THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.



# "ROBINSON CRUSOE," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.



POLLY HOPKINS (MISS GRACE LANE).

"Polly, Polly, merriest of barmaids."



POLLY.

"You're different; you're only mother."

## THE CAST.

### IMMORTAL.

The Spirit of Adventure ... MISS GERALDINE SOMERSET.

### MORTALS (*English*).

Robinson Crusoe	...	MISS ALICE BROOKES.
Mrs. Crusoe (his Mother)	...	MR. VICTOR STEVENS.
Dan'l Hopkins (Innkeeper and Miser)	...	MR. RICHARD BLUNT.
Polly Hopkins (his Daughter)	...	MISS GRACE LANE.
Will Atkins (Boatswain and Smuggler)	...	MR. FRED EMNEY.
Tarboard	{ (his Myrmidons)	MR. MARIUS GIRARD.
Starboard		MR. E. MOREHEN.
Captain Truman (a Gallant Sailor)	...	MISS SUSIE VAUGHAN
Midshipmite	...	MISS ADA MURIEL.
Sergeant of Marines	...	MISS LILIAN HOLMES.
The Market Boodle	...	MR. ROY KINNETT.
Oliver	{ (Apprentices)	MISS MELLOR.
Randolf		MISS E. GIBBENS.
Geoffery		MISS MAY HADDON.
Mark		MISS L. FRANCIS.
Naice	{ (Shop Girls)	MISS M. MOUNT.
Dora		MISS LENA LEWIS.
Maud		MISS J. CHAMBERLAIN.
Margery		MISS L. AUGARDE.
Little Daisy (a Flower-Girl)	...	MISS ETHEL GRACE.
Dog	...	MASTER L. WILKES.
Goat	...	MASTER EDWIN ALLEN.
Parrot	...	MASTER A. GOUGH.
Cat	...	MASTER H. LINWOOD.

### Indians.

Hullabaloo (King of the Caubers)	...	MR. FRED. STOREY.
Chut-Nec (his Chief Cook)	...	MR. W. RITTER RILEY.
Fiti-Fiti (his Commander-in-Chief)	...	MR. FRED. KITCHEN.
Talkee-Talkee (his Lord Chancellor)	...	MR. ZANFRETTE.
Em-Cee (his Chamberlain)	...	MR. HARRY KITCHEN.
Hang-Mup (his Home Secretary)	...	MR. PHILIPPE.
Tripfoot (his Scout)	...	MASTER HERBERT LAMARTINE.
Nicee	{ (his Squaws)	MISS FLORENCE HERBERT.
Piece		MISS MARY NORTON.
Popsee		MISS CATHARINE WILLIAMSON.
Wopsee		MISS BLANCHE DORIS.
Ducksee		MISS PATTIE MARSHALL.
Kicksee		MISS CONSTANCE GORDON.
Princess Pretti-Pretti (his Daughter)	...	MDLE. ZANFRETTE.
Friday	...	MR. CHARLES LAURI.

Hull Fishersfolk, Townsfolk, Soldiers, Sailors, Indians, &c.



A TOM-TOM GIRL.



WILL ATKINS (MR. FRED EMNEY).

*"This is a very warm country."*



ROBINSON CRUSOE (MISS ALICE BROOKES).

*"Can I believe my eyes? What's that I see—a footprint?"*



CAPTAIN TRUMAN (MISS SUSIE VAUGHAN) AND POLLY,  
AFTER THE SHIPWRECK.



WILL ATKINS AND POLLY.

*"But thou shalt never be his, nor he thine,  
While I, Will Atkins, live to make thee mine."*



## THE LYCEUM PANTOMIME.

Mr. Oscar Barrett is a very astute or lucky man, or both; for the litigation about Miss Kitty Loftus, and the failure—in my opinion, quite undeserved—of "Michael and His Lost Angel," have been splendid pieces of business for the Lyceum pantomime. It is, however, perhaps a little hard upon Miss Grace Lane that Mr. Barrett went to law about his lost Loftus, for his witnesses were bound to testify that "Robinson Crusoe" would gain if Miss Kitty were to replace her in the cast. Yet all will find that Miss Lane is charming as Polly, and though the greater energy, more vigorous method, and heartier dancing of Miss Loftus would have caused some to commend her above the present Polly, many are more than content with the personal charm, the pleasant voice, and the discreet dancing and acting of Miss Lane, one of the most agreeable "principal girls" that I have ever seen.

There are people to be found who pretend that "Robinson Crusoe" is less poetic and artistic than last year's pantomime. There may be a touch of truth in the suggestion; yet, unless memory be deceitful, it may be said that the beautiful plays as notable a part in Mr. Barrett's production as before, and the Oriental ballet is worthy of his efforts and the collaboration of Mr. Wilhelm. Critics have protested that the pretty ladies of the ballet ought not to be disfigured by painted tattooing, and protested not without success; nevertheless, some of them were charming, despite this decoration, and, consequently, the more piquant on account of the bizarre touch. The daring and splendour of the costumes in the ballet take everybody.

There is not much of the poetical in Mr. Victor Stevens or Mr. Charles Lauri—"comic" is the word that they demand and deserve. Mr. Stevens may complain that Mr. Horace Lennard—whose book, as a whole, is excellent—has rather sketched than drawn-in nicely his part; and a less fertile worker would find it thin.

Mr. Charles Lauri has a chance of playing the monkey as well as Friday, and throws himself with energy into the task; his gestures are curiously exact. Miss Alice Brookes was more to our taste two years ago, when she appeared as principal girl; that Robinson was a big fellow is not certain, that Miss Brookes is small is undeniable, and she seems a trifle insignificant, despite her energy. Miss Susie Vaughan rarely gets a part good enough for her, and the present pantomime is hardly an exception. One could wish she had better scope for the exercise of her ability.

Like the famous bird of Sir Boyle Roche, Mdle. Zaufretta continues to be apparently in two places at once, for she is appearing as Terpsichore at the Empire, and yet is a fascinating dusky Princess at the Lyceum. As usual, perhaps as always, she avoids the ugly orthodox ballet-dress, and appears in a charming costume that sets off the grace of her movements. It might be suggested that she would look better if her well-moulded arms were uncovered. Probably we shall never have a Master Betty craze again, but Miss Geraldine Somerset shows that children may still evince astonishingly precocious talent for the stage, and she is a fascinating little fairy. Miss Somerset not only dances well, but, what is rare in a dancer, she can speak her lines admirably; but perhaps that is not so wonderful seeing that she was born to the stage, as it were, for her father is Mr. C. W. Somerset. Since the first afternoon, when some found fault with the orchestra, time has allowed Mr. Barrett to get his regiment well under his bâton; and now there is an excellent performance of the music which he has ably arranged and composed. The Lyceum pantomime certainly fulfils Mr. Barrett's promise to Sir Henry Irving that it should be worthy of the splendid traditions of the theatre.

Mr. Barrett is undoubtedly a Progressive in pantomime, and one may feel quite sure that "Robinson Crusoe" does not in any way mark the limits of his artistic ideas, for now that other managers have taken his cue, Mr. Barrett could not stop if he would, and, perhaps, he would not stop if he could.



THE DANCING TURTLES.



KING HULLABALOO (MR. FRED. STOREY).



KING HULLABALOO'S SCOUT (MASTER HERBERT LAMARTINE).



STARBOARD (MR. E. MOREHEN), WILL ATKINS, AND LARBOARD (MR. MABIUS GIRARD).



A TURTLE ON THE ISLAND.



MISS ALICE BROOKES AS ROBINSON CRUSOE ON THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

*"Monarch I am of all that I survey."*





AN ATTENDANT ON PRINCESS PRETTI-PRETTI.



A FAN-BEARER.



A BANNER-BEARER IN THE GRAND PROCESSION.



POPSEE (MISS C. WILLIAMSON).



MISS FLORENCE LEVEY IN "BLUEBEARD," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## WHAT A BALLET COSTS.

## A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

Very few of those who go to see and applaud a ballet or pantomime can have but the most shadowy idea of the cost and labour of preparing the "show" which gives them so much delight and recreation. It was with a view of obtaining some information upon this seasonable topic that a representative recently obtained the necessary permit to go behind the scenes of a big Metropolitan theatre, where the rehearsals of a new pantomime ballet were in full swing.

"It is not too much to say," exclaimed the well-known ballet-mistress with whom I chatted, "that every art is nowadays pressed into the service of ballet and pantomime. I have known the cost of a single ballet make a big hole in five thousand pounds, first and last. You have no idea of the expenses."

"Money is evidently of no consequence," I remarked after this statement.

"No. But whatever is spent we expect to see back again—and generally do—with a profit for our trouble. I do not know a great deal of the expenses connected with a pantomime other than one with big ballets, so I must refer you to someone else for that; but answering your question, 'How do we proceed?' First, of course, we have to settle upon a subject. Often we get this from a dramatic author, who has a good idea, but cannot develop it. When this is finally settled upon—say, by Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. George Edwardes, or some other manager—the composer of the music (whoever he may be), the dressmakers, scene-painters, wig-makers, costumiers, costume-designers, and myself are all set hard at it. Much of the work, such as making of the costumes, armour, and general properties, is done by contract, and, although you might not, perhaps, think it, parts of the scenes are often painted not at the theatre, but in the studios of the artists. Of course, the gentlemen who have been commissioned to make the sketches of the different dresses have long before submitted them, and, certain ones having been approved, orders for a dozen costumes of a sort here and a score there have been given to different persons we regularly employ."

"You don't have them made by one big firm, then?" I said.

"Oh dear, no! The two or three hundred dresses required—sometimes the number exceeds these figures very greatly—are split up between a dozen or more firms or individuals. Then my greatest bother commences," exclaimed my informant, with a sigh.

"How so?" I queried.

"How so, indeed! Just listen," was the reply. "You must know that the ballet is divided into two distinct parts. First, there are the *danseuses*, who are free agents, and engage themselves; then there are the pupils attached to my own and other schools, who are under indentures, and are supplied to this or other theatres by contract. These pupils, by the way," explained Madame, "are taught from the age of seven or eight, and years of training are necessary to turn out a real artist."

"Is the process a painful one?" I inquired.

"Well, I'm afraid that I must admit it is," was the reply. "But the modern idea of training is not so painful or arduous as that to which I myself had to submit, I can assure you. The practice in the school lasts from three to four hours daily, and to gain the requisite suppleness of limb this is necessary, absolutely necessary."

"What is their *ultima thule* as regards pay?" I inquired.

"This varies very greatly, of course; children of the ballet getting from one to two shillings a performance—these are the ordinary ones I now speak of. The elder girls have from four to eight pounds a month—some especially clever ones obtaining more, as is only just. A dancer of the second class—who makes her own terms, having left the schools—will expect, if she has a pretty face and a good figure, twelve to eighteen pounds per month. One of a class higher (but not, of course, a *première danseuse*) will obtain from twenty to twenty-five pounds for the same period. The *crème de la crème*, the light-heeled *figurantes* who dance the *pas seul*, you ask? Oh, anything from seven hundred and fifty to two thousand a year. But salaries vary according to the theatre, &c."

"Where do you obtain your rank-and-file?" I next asked.

"Just for the pantomime season, I frequently get quite a number of poor children—regular little street-urchins some of them. These I have had year after year. I let it be known that I want so many, and they come to be 'tried,' either by themselves, or with their elder sisters or mothers. These, of course, are merely drilled into the particular dances, &c., required for that particular ballet. They are not trained, in the strictest sense of the word, at all. Sometimes I discover a promising dancer, and then I endeavour to obtain the parents' consent to properly train her. Some of the children come round to me as regularly as Christmas. They are going to rehearse now, however, so perhaps you had better come with me."

The whole of the theatre was (except the stage) shrouded in blackest gloom, but amid the darkness of the auditorium one could faintly see the rows of spectral seats covered over in linen wrappers.

On the stage a bevy of children were going through some of their evolutions, not gorgeously attired as they would be a month or so later, but clad in short, shabby ballet or ordinary skirts, and loose linen or flannel knickerbockers. How they seemed to enjoy their dancing, even when Madame pulled them up short with "Oh, you children, that will never do! Now then—one, two, three; one, two, three. Let's have that figure over again." They go through the steps again and again till

Madame says, "There, that will do." Then the small orchestra strikes up another number, and the children are replaced by "the ladies of the *corps de ballet*," who have donned "tights," brief muslin or tarlatan skirts (mostly the worst for wear), or the inevitable loose knickerbockers—in shape such as lady cyclists now wear—while retaining the ordinary dress-bodices, and even, in some instances, hats or bonnets. They look a "ragged army" enough; many are far from young, and some, in the sickly half-light, look positively old. And yet, I remember, these are the fairy-like, dainty visionaries who will delight a house packed from floor to ceiling. "Now, your *pas seul*, Miss B.," exclaims Madame's voice. Miss B. performs her part to everyone's admiration, and finally throws herself into a stage-carpenter's arms (with her left leg elevated lightning-conductor-wise), in lieu of the truant genie, who can't at the moment be found.

Some of the scenery is already being fixed for the forthcoming dress-rehearsals; and boxes, bales, and packing-cases are every moment arriving with the artistic treasures which are to make all London stare and stare again.

A troupe of acrobats are going through their turn now, and so Madame can again chat.

"Ah, the dresses—I had forgotten! They are simply gorgeous! I will let you see one or two, if you like. Mr. Quenton, is No. 2 vacant?"

"Yes, Madame. The Fairies of the Sea aren't rehearsing to-day."

"Of course not," replied Madame; "how stupid of me! Come along."

The room into which Madame conducts me is clean, well lighted, and, although the furniture is of necessity scanty, comfortable. Along the wall is one long dressing-table, so to speak, fitted with lockers below and numbers of little mirrors (one for each girl of both) above. In the locker belonging to her, each girl keeps her costume, shoes, and "make-up"—in fact, everything she uses at the theatre. Madame pulled open one or two of the lockers. They were all the same—each one tidy, clean, and dry. "Untidiness incurs a fine," remarked Madame. "And it is right that it should. There is quite enough confusion—at least, you would think so were you here during dressing-time—without that which would be added by a mixing-up of the things. The dressers who are attached to each room, save where the *danseuses* have their own, are, in a sense, responsible. But I must say that, on the whole, the girls themselves are very good."

"There are two hundred dancers in the various ballets and pageants of the new 'show,' and more than three times as many dresses. You may put down the costumes as averaging at least two pounds apiece, and then you have some idea of the cost as regards this item. This does not, however, include special—that is, solo—dresses; I mean those worn by the *premières*."

"How many people will be engaged in giving the Great British Public a four hours' amusement?" I asked.

"About five hundred, including everybody actually engaged—I mean in the theatre, of course. You should come to the first dress-rehearsal to get an idea of the amount of labour which is required to make all these people do the one thing they have to do, and that well. Pandemonium is nowhere in it. The whole place is one seething confusion—a very Babel."

"But it all comes right at last?"

"Yes, it all comes right, as you say. But one would scarcely think it possible at the first full rehearsal."

"What is it all to cost?" repeated Madame before answering my last question. "Well, before a penny is taken at the doors, fully £8000 will have been spent on the show, one way and another. But we shall see it all back again. Mind you come. I think you ought after hindering me like this," concluded the speaker, with a smile which set my mind at rest concerning the last few words of her farewell.

## THE FUTURE TESS.

The little world of Dorchester has lately been illumined by the presence of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Her reason for rustication is, I believe, to master the real "Dorset" dialect, in order that she may the more efficiently interpret the character of Tess. Mr. Hardy has also, for the purpose of the more fully enabling Mrs. Campbell to understand the life depicted in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," been ciceroning her over those parts of the county from whence the background of his novel was taken. It is well known that in the neighbourhood of Wool, about seven miles from Dorchester, is the dairy-farm where Tess Durbeyfield and Angel Clare lived the pastoral life which ended in their idyllic wooing.

Mr. Hardy lives in a striking-looking modern residence, about half a mile from Dorchester, which was designed and built by his brother, who is a large contractor in the neighbourhood. The author's wife is his amanuensis, and writes to his dictation, while he paces up and down his comfortable study. She has become a bicyclist, and may be constantly seen, during her times of relaxation, riding through Dorchester, or on the roads around their house. Her husband is, unfortunately, somewhat inclined to follow the example of the late Poet Laureate, and withdraw himself from the gaze of the vulgar "lion"-hunters, who have even penetrated to this remote corner of the globe, and for this sole purpose, from the colonies and, of course, America. On the rare occasions when Mr. Hardy can be prevailed upon to accept the hospitality of his county neighbours, he proves himself a most distinct acquisition.









"THE LIGHT OF HIS HAREM WAS YOUNG NOURMAHAL."

THE ART OF THE DAY.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY,—A. MOOR.



## ART NOTES.

Lord Leighton's funeral was as imposing as might be, and he lies now in the illustrious company of the illustrious dead of St. Paul's. All England was practically represented on the occasion of his interment, from the Queen downwards. Socially triumphant as his life had been throughout, death thus brought to him the greatest of his social triumphs, when he could no longer appreciate the universal tribute, when the praise he so much loved reached him heedless. He leaves, as it seems, only one possible successor in the official ways of art, Sir John Millais. That any other should be chosen to sit in Leighton's chair seems, at this moment, incongruous and unthinkable. Still, the official ways of art are often unthinkable beforehand; and there the improbable, the seeming impossible, often happens.

Professor Herkomer's "new art" is at last revealed to the world, and it amounts, after all, to a new process of reproduction. We have known all along that, if a picture be drawn or painted on copper, it is possible to obtain one copy of it through a copper-plate press. Professor Herkomer's invention makes it possible to obtain many copies, through the electrotype, of this original picture drawn on the copper. So far as we can understand the process, he dusts the metal plate with some

where his own imperial invention is not called into question. Last winter he offered a prize of one hundred pounds—we believe that to be the equivalent of 2000 marks—for the best plaster designs of the missing portions of the "Dancing Mænad," a copy of which exists in the Berlin Museum. We know that the biologist of repute is able to build up an ichthyosaurus out of a toe-nail; but it appears that fourteen German artists, including one lady, cannot build up one dancing Mænad from the most authentic information in the world. Thus does biology laugh at the resources of art. But the Kaiser, it seems, is not yet discouraged; although he has informed the Minister of Education that the work sent in, submitted to careful examination, does not reach the high level he requires, he still thinks that there's a world of virtue in fifty pounds. So the competition is to begin again; and the reward this time is to be one hundred and fifty pounds. Thus, biology must once more look to its laurels.

The new exhibition at the Grafton Galleries of specimens from the French Romantic School is in every respect admirable and (we should think) representative. It is possible, indeed, to conceive an exhibition which should contain one or two finer Corots than hang here, one or two finer Troyons, perhaps, and a half-dozen finer Duprès; but it is not possible to conceive an exhibition of that school which should have a



CHRIST AND THE WOMEN.—A. D. GOLTZ.

powder that gives to it a grain, and makes of the original drawing a hard metal surface, from which he produces his results. Those results are often and in many respects admirable; but he seems to us to claim for that which is, really, only a new reproductive process, the merits and glories of a new art.

The National Portrait Gallery is gradually acquiring the dignity of being entitled to consideration as a representative collection. An important batch of new portraits has been presented to and accepted by the trustees. These consist of a portrait of Sir Edwin Landseer, painted by Lord Leighton's predecessor in the presidency of the Royal Academy, Sir Francis Grant; a pencil sketch of Ford Madox Brown, by Rossetti, presented by Mr. William M. Rossetti; a portrait of Cardinal Newman, painted by Miss Emmeline Deane from special sittings, when the Cardinal was in his ninetieth year (what has become, by the way, of Mr. Olsson's portrait?); Charles Darwin, painted by the Hon. John Collier; William III., a large equestrian portrait, attributed to Wyck, presented by Mr. Henry Yates Thompson; and, finally, a sketch of Robert Louis Stevenson, done by Mr. W. B. Richmond, R.A., in one sitting, shortly before Stevenson's final leave-taking of England; so that the Gallery is acquiring considerable variety, if, perhaps, the merit of individual acquisitions is at present a little fluctuating.

The German Emperor, whatever may be his public faults, is commendably hard to please in connection with matters of art, at least

greater average merit, unless it were blown together by the four winds of heaven. We are not able this week, owing to our limited space, to give our readers any exhaustive details of this fine show; it is only possible to convey some general view or impression of its sentiment and expression.

Any visitor accustomed to the tone of Royal Academy exhibitions, or, which is much the same, the modern British School at the National Gallery, will, if he prefer that kind of colour, cordially dislike the prevailing tone of the Grafton's present exhibition. The great French painters of this particular school went to Nature for her atmosphere, for her silver mists, for her familiar pitch of colour. If they painted a feathery willow, or an arching larch, they did not use the plain pigment, heightened by every form of artifice, to surprise and snare the eye unaccustomed to exaggeration; they saw how beautiful the colour was which Nature had contrived out of her soft envelope of air, and they accordingly painted under the withdrawing influences of Nature and her suns and skies. They consequently gave to the world a pictorial representation of the light that always was by sea and land; and the vulgar eye, which desires vulgar excitement, will therefore see here a somewhat dull and daily application of poetry to the external world. It is the refined and observant eye which will perceive in this collection of paintings all that is perfect in restraint, in truth, and in a faithful sense of beauty. We hope to deal quite fully next week with the interesting details of this excellent show.



# "A LITTLE GOOD MAKE-BELIEVE."\*

"A Dachshund true."—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

There is a suggestiveness about this book as fertile as it is delightful, and if one were to examine every suggestion in detail, the result would be a philosophy of the "children's works of genius." But, there! in the very act of classing "The Brown Ambassador" among these works, yet



MRS. FRASER.

another problem is raised; for it is difficult to decide whether, after all, Mrs. Fraser has really written a children's book. Of course, children will read it and have it read to them; they will delight in it and want it read again, and so will the "grown-ups"; but, among these latter, the critically minded will inquire if the appeal is not, on the whole, more to them than to the junior intelligence; for, between this work and the works of those who, from Kingsley downwards, have held a brief for happy and natural childhood, there exists a strong line of cleavage. The "Water-Babies," with its veiled moral purpose; "Alice," with its quaint nonsense-

allegory; the two Jungle Books, with their breezy symbolism, may be read by the child from cover to cover, without any flagging of attention. Very often, of course, the hidden meaning of these books will be missed by the little reader; but the passage that contains it is none the less entrancing, for he will find in it his own meanings, and even if he cannot go so far as that, he is always kept in touch with "the story." To say that Mrs. Fraser fails in this respect would be going too far; but there are occasional passages where one is inclined to fancy that child-readers will have difficulty in finding their own. This, however, may be only a critic's fancy, which the jury of child-readers will condemn; for it may be that they will detect some rare and congenial essence, imperceptible to the hardened scribe, who imagines slight imperfections merely because his sense is too blunt to apprehend the full perfection of Mrs. Fraser's bold and novel synthesis.

It is this synthesis which distinguishes "The Brown Ambassador" from its literary kindred. With a sense-nonsense story of realistic unrealities, Mrs. Fraser has fused something very like an old-fashioned novel of love, legality, and family intrigue; and it is in the development of this side of the story that one sometimes fears the young idea has been lost sight of. In the last scene, too, a top-note of tragedy is touched, that some may think out of harmony with a book otherwise so joyous. For joyous it is, and so witty and charming withal that it is with diffidence one ventures to criticise.

From critical suggestion, we gladly turn to whole-hearted appreciation of the Brown Ambassador, his history, and of himself. This dachshund



THE BROWN AMBASSADOR.

diplomat, known to mankind as "Tip," was, in reality, Antoninus Crocodilus Elongatus Pius, ambassador from the kingdom of Barbotz; for Mrs. Fraser has discovered a well-constituted state of brute-beasts, subject to something more orderly than the "jungle-law" of Kipling. With the fortunes of Ryll Court, in Devonshire, of two dainty and original little people, Fenella and Conny Pellew, and of their small boy-cousin, Donald Cameron (Scotch, and a pickle), his Excellency A. C. E. Pius was closely bound up, and he did them innumerable good turns, contriving, at the same time, by sheer intellect and enterprise, to conduct weighty affairs of State, and to help the Government of distant Barbotz over a trying crisis. There are grown-up people, too, in the story, whom A. C. E. Pius either benefits or checkmates

according to their desert; but we are not going to give away the plot at second-hand—it is far too good for that—so the reader must get acquainted with the other characters from Mrs. Fraser's breezy pages. It is impossible, however, to avoid some reference to the Ambassador's indispensable lady ally, the white pussy, Princess Miribee, or to the post-crow "Cawx" (doesn't it sound Aristophanic?); and the latter official's discourse with Tip, otherwise A. C. E. Pius aforesaid, will bear quoting—

"You are late again, Cawx! This really happens too often. I shall have to report you next time."

"Indeed, your Excellency," replied Cawx, in a voice which he tried to make tearful, "it wasn't my fault this morning. I was turned out of my warm nest at four o'clock, without so much as a mouse for breakfast, by an urgent message from the Principessa to Madame Miribee, and, when I got to her place, she had to scratch the answer, and she was kind enough to give me some scraps. . . . Ah, she's a real lady, she is: it's few people that take the trouble to think of a broken-winged old post-crow that's seen better days. . . ."

"You draw a very good salary," said Tip. . . . "Six bones a-week and a nest rent-free ought to be enough for any thrifty crow to get along on. But there's no satisfying you people."

And so on, until the crafty Cawx gets round Tip by calling him "your Excellency," and by the assurance that a bark from him carries more weight in Barbotz than a whole night's howling from anyone else.

Altogether, it is very admirable, and the literary workmanship is often excellent. There is a taste of Devonshire air about the book, and the freedom of southern sea and of southern woodland breathes through its passages of natural description. The delicate handling of these, the intense and sympathetic womanliness that colours all the treatment of the merely human characters, the quaint fun of the characters that are more than human, are very refreshing in these days of jaded and slipshod literature. But still, its many excellences must not delude us into taking the book too seriously, for, after all, it is a nonsense story (the tragedy of Alice Blake notwithstanding) that finds its best justification in the Brown Ambassador's own question, "What would life be without a little good make-believe?"

J. D. S.

## NEWMARKET STEEPLECHASE COURSE.

The new steeplechase course at Newmarket, which has been started for the good of the course by the popular M.P. of the district, Mr. Harry McCalmont, is situated on the way to the Rowley Mile Stand, on the



NEW COURSE AT NEWMARKET.

other side of the Cambridge Road, and it is voted by the majority of racegoers a perfect course, second only to the Aintree track. At the principal entrance of Mr. H. McCalmont's course is a red brick-and-tile cottage, which is the residence of the caretaker of the course. A little lower down, we come to the subject of our illustration, the centre and most prominent building being the Grand Stand, which is a substantially built structure of white brick and timber, with a slated roof. It is partially covered, and calculated to hold about two thousand people. From it the spectators have an uninterrupted view of the races from the start to the finish. At the back, and underneath the Grand Stand, are the weighing-room, gentlemen riders' room, professional jockeys' room, and Press-room, with ample and convenient lavatory accommodation. The building on the left of the Grand Stand is a temporary structure, which is used as a private stand for Mr. H. McCalmont and his friends, and is adjoined by a private lawn. Immediately in front of the Grand Stand is Tattersall's enclosure, where the number-board is situated, and slightly farther to the left of the Stand is the half-crown ring, the white building at the back being the telegraph-office. The course, which is one mile and three-quarters in circumference, is a grass track, and water has been laid on at the water-jump, so there will be a permanent supply. Behind the Grand Stand, rings, and telegraph-office is situated a splendid, spacious paddock, which is several acres in extent.

\* "The Brown Ambassador." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. London: Macmillan and Co.



## A NEW ENGLAND POETESS.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is the finest type of New England woman. They taught us, those sisters of ours across the water, long ago, how to become absolutely free women while retaining the most exquisite femininity. It was a lesson difficult of learning, else why the woman who dabbled in unclean things and clamoured for forbidden things in the name of free womanhood? Those American women take the world without a fear or a misgiving. More chaste than veiled Orientals, they meet the world of men with innocent and fearless eyes, and find in their fearlessness their armour. They are up and down the highways of the world, and know the free delight of the road with any sunburnt gipsy. Miss Guiney takes, for the motto of her latest volume of poems, Sidney's—

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be,  
And that my muse to some ears not unsweet,  
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet  
More oft than to a chamber melody.

The freedom of the road is in her work, and, blent delightfully with it is the student air of knowledge and contemplation. Miss Guiney is a classical scholar, and has gained from the classics what so many women of monumental industry miss—the distinction, the clarity, the golden light and colour, which belong to the finest art of

The glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

She carries her learning delicately, and we are only aware of it by the rightness and felicity that are all through her work: she wears her knowledge "lightly as a flower." One is impressed by the perfectly classical air of many of her poems; but that air is absolutely unconscious and unforced, as in "A Friend's Song for Simoisius"—

The breath of dew and twilight's grace  
Be on the lonely battle-place;  
And to so young, so kind a face  
The fond, protecting grasses cling.

(Alas, alas,  
The one inexorable thing!)

In rocky hollows, cool and deep,  
The bees our boyhood hunted sleep;  
The early moon from Ida's steep  
Comes to the empty wrestling-ring.

(Alas, alas,  
The one inexorable thing!)

Upon the widowed wind recede  
No echoes of the shepherd's reed;  
And children without laughter lead  
The war-horse to the watering.

(Alas, alas,  
The one inexorable thing!)

Miss Guiney is in love with bygone things—with the wealth of beauty and art which a people old in civilisation has heaped up for itself. This is why she, the daughter of a distinguished Irish-American soldier, joins to her Celtic passion for beauty a great love of England. Reading her work, one is often reminded of her countryman Mr. Henry James's "Passionate Pilgrim." Hers is no New-World inspiration for beauty vast and shapeless. She is fascinated by old abbeys, old graveyards, old castles and houses; English villages, red-roofed, and embowered in trees; English landscapes, mellow with age and cultivation. An American poet once wrote to me that we in the Old World could never understand the charm of our mellow landscapes, with their ancient, ordered beauty, for those whose world, to quote Joaquin Miller, is "as new as if smelling of paint." Certain precious qualities, indeed, come with age and traditions, and these have delighted Miss Guiney. Old conventions of honour and chivalry, old simplicities and adornments of religion, appeal to her, as do the poets who are English classics. This is how she interprets the thoughts of Donatello's "St. George"—

Spirits of old that bore me,  
And set me, meek of mind,  
Between great dreams before me  
And deeds as great behind,  
Knowing humanity, my star  
As first abroad I ride,  
Shall help me wear, with every scar,  
Honour at eventide.

Let claws of lightning clutch me  
From Summer's groaning cloud,  
Or ever malice touch me,  
Or glory make me proud.  
O give my youth, my faith, my sword,  
Choice of the heart's desire:  
A short life in the saddle, Lord,  
Not long life by the fire!

Forethought and recollection  
Rivet mine armour gay!  
The passion for perfection  
Redeem my failing way!  
The arrows of the tragic hope  
From sudden ambush cast;  
With calm, angelic touches ope  
My Paradise at last.

I fear no breathing bowman,  
But only, east and west,  
The awful other foe man  
Impowered within my breast.  
The outer fray in the sun shall be,  
The inner beneath the moon;  
And may Our Lady lend to me  
Sight of the Dragon soon!

In her life out of doors, Miss Guiney has had the companionship of the race of Great St. Bernards, which she is proud of as possessing Plinlimmon blood. One of these champions died of wounds received in protecting a child from a ferocious mastiff. Miss Guiney commemorated him in exquisite prose, and in poetry which Matthew Arnold might have written—

There is a music fills  
The oaks of Belmont and the Lowland hills  
Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream,  
The heavenly weather's call! Oh, who alive,  
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,  
Having free feet that never felt a gyve  
Weigh, even in a dream?

But thou instead hast found  
The sunless April uplands underground,  
And still, wherever thou art, I must be.  
My beautiful, arise in might and mirth,  
For we were tameless travellers from our birth;  
Arise against thy narrow door of earth  
And keep the watch for me.

By the volume which contains these poems, "A Roadside Harp," Miss Guiney wishes her poetry to be judged. Otherwise there are many

poems in the two earlier volumes which must always be dear to her lovers. Her poetry has the high note of resolve and courage. The heart of a boy, virginal and ready for all hap, is in it rather than a distinctively feminine nature. She is young as her own Hylas—

There's a bird on the under-bough  
Fluting evermore, and now,  
"Keep—young!" but who knows how?

There is so much magic in Miss Guiney's poetry that one turns unwillingly to her prose. She has published two tiny volumes which are offerings on the altars of her love. One is "Monsieur Henri," the story of Henri de la Roche-Jacquelin and La Vendée. To make this book, delightfully intimate and tender, Miss Guiney went to Henri's own St. Aubin de Baubigné, and she has got into her work the atmosphere of the place, the austere yet kindly simplicity of its people and its landscape. "Monsieur Henri" is a portrait wrought with loving sympathy and comprehension. The preface of the book, with its obligations, reminds one somehow of Stevenson, putting up in "God's green caravanserai." The spirit of this young New England woman is, indeed, closely akin to Stevenson, in its boyishness and its charm.

"A Little English Gallery" is a collection of papers on Lady Danvers, the mother of George Herbert, on Henry Vaughan, George Farquhar, Topham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton, and William Hazlitt. These, like "Monsieur Henri," are portraits from the past—dead men and a dead

woman whom the tender art and imagination of the writer makes to live for us again. There is criticism, fine and all-comprehending, but the purpose is not criticism. Every scrap of contemporary record is gathered and pieced, gaps are filled, difficulties bridged over, till we have something of the people in their habit as they lived. There is an enormous mass of knowledge in these papers, carried again "lightly as a flower."

Miss Guiney has lately joined the story-tellers. Her first essay in this way bears the difficult title of "Lovers' Saint Ruth's," and consists of four stories. The title-story is the triumph of the book, and is, indeed, a beautiful piece of work. Miss Guiney takes an incident which might attract Mr. George Moore, and turns it to the most lovely purpose. Out of the sin comes forth innocence untarnished; out of the shame, fortitude, spiritual passion, patience, faith, and attainment. The story is spirit and fire. There is no more evil in it than in the eyes of angels. I cannot imagine any other writer handling this story with such transmuting power and magic. The other stories are less good. "Our Lady of the Union" has, indeed, much of the strenuous beauty of Miss Guiney's poetry. But "An Event on the River" trusts too much to coincidence, and "A Provider" does not quite come off.

Miss Guiney's mind is epicene, as the mind of the true poet and artist ought to be. Large mind and liberal heart, with the reticence of the Puritan and the ardour of the Catholic, she is, indeed, a very fair product of New-England life and nature.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



MISS LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Photo by Notman, Boston.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"'Er pitticoat was yaller, 'an' 'er little cap was green,  
An' 'er name was Sapi-yan-lat, jes' the same 'as Thebaw's Queen."









SCHOOLMASTER : Now, then, who signed Magna Charta ?—Come, be quick, who signed Magna Charta ?  
Boy : Please, sir—boo-oo-oo—I didn't.





MISS GWENNIE HASTO AS LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD,

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, STRATFORD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

## XV.—IN NO-MAN'S LAND.

It was in the smoking-room of a second-rate commercial hotel. A rakish fellow, newly back from the Colonies, began to abuse England; he hated a country where there was no free space, where every inch of ground belonged to some landlord or other, where you couldn't live without paying rent—

"Hold on!" cried Cogswell, who had done well at the races, and was in merry mood: "there's people living in England who pay no rent. Yes, living in houses they don't own, and without any landlord; houses as haven't belonged to anybody for no one knows how long."

"Go along!"

"I tell you it's true. You'd like to know where, wouldn't you? Well, the place is in London. I'll tell you so much, and charge nothing for the information."

There was a laugh, and Cogswell, who had to catch a train, went off, without saying any more. During the journey to London, he was unusually meditative. An odd thing, he said to himself, that for all these years he had never thought of Peter's Passage. The old state of things, perhaps, no longer existed; yet possibly it did; and, in that case, wasn't it worth thinking about? How long ago? Why, he left Peter's Passage as a lad of ten or so, in '55, and it was now '75. Many changes happen in twenty years. All the same, he would go down East, and have a look.

Since boyhood, his rambling, hap-hazard life had never led him to that murky corner of East London. Peter's Passage lay in the mid-squalor of a region of small manufactures, and was unknown even to the rent-collector. Seven houses there were, wretched hovels, each containing four rooms. Cogswell remembered that his father, after occupying one of them for a long time, and wishing to remove, sold the key of the house for two pounds to another man. He well recollected his father's talk about the business: how, in Peter's Passage, all the occupiers lived rent-free, no one ever having heard of a landlord. Miserable enough, the life of these quasi-freeholders. Old Cogswell occasionally worked at some sort of factory; now and then he was a costermonger. His children, hungry and in rags, practically supported themselves from the time when they were able to talk; begging, stealing, doing jobs for neighbours, selling things in the streets. To-day, only one of the family survived, and he, not without reason, regarded himself as a very lucky man, for he had notably risen in the world, often had a pocketfull of money, and not often felt shy of the police. For this Cogswell thanked his own wits, and, to a certain extent, his own honest effort. Had he not laboriously learnt to read and to write? Had he not, long before he was twenty, known a greater variety of occupations, some of them terribly hard, than most men know in a lifetime? Nowadays, he could dress well and eat well, and flattered himself that he looked a gentleman. At all events, he had dealings with many a so-called gentleman who would only be too glad to change places with him.

He sought out Peter's Passage, and saw at a glance that, externally, nothing had been altered. To his changed eyes, it seemed a hideous hole; though not given to sentiment, he stood for a moment, pitying the days of his childhood. Assuming a grave, important air, he walked the length of the passage—there were houses only on one side, the blank wall of a timber-yard on the other—and viewed the buildings. Women in doorways regarded him curiously; he gave them a keen, business-like glance. Then, taking out a note-book, he made certain jottings, while a group of children came together to observe him. Finally, he stepped up to the door of the first house; it was open, and a woman confronted him.

"Who is the occupier of this house?"

"What's that to you?"

Cogswell desired to make himself agreeable, and had no difficulty in doing so. Presently he was talking with a cluster of people, suavely, facetiously, and, though no one would reply in plain terms to a plain question, he learnt that, beyond doubt, Peter's Passage was still occupied by mere squatters, some of whom, apparently, had held their houses for a good many years. All the time, he assiduously made notes in his pocket-book.

"How long"—he looked round at the dirty, haggard faces—"how long is it since you had any repairs done?"

Repairs? The word seemed to be unknown. There was a laugh, and someone spat, as if in disgust, but no voice made answer.

"Can't you understand? When was the houses done up—paint and plaster?"

A palsied old man uttered a squeaking laugh, which the children echoed mockingly. As Cogswell knew without asking, several voices informed him that new paint and plaster were unheard-of in Peter's Passage.

"Very well. I shall send my workmen in on Monday morning, and you'll all be put straight. I am the landlord. I shall either come myself or send my agent one day next week, and the occupier of each house will be entered on my books."

He had played his part very skilfully, and the matter-of-fact tone of these last remarks, authoritative, yet not such as to give offence, made an obvious impression. When he turned away, with a civil "Good morning," no insult was shouted. The group of tatterdemalions stared after him, silent, wonder-stricken. Just as he disappeared round the corner, a faint ray of the April sun gleamed on his silk hat, and this last glimpse of dignity helped to prolong the effect produced by his speech.

Chuckling over that happy idea of the repairs, and all but assured of success if he kept the game up with sufficient audacity, Cogswell lost no time in looking for a small builder who would serve his purpose. He discovered the suitable man—in a district neither too near nor too remote—and held a consultation with him, merely explaining that the property had just come into his hands. In due time he received an estimate of costs, which, when he had cut it down by half, he agreed to accept. And forthwith the job was undertaken. Peter's Passage underwent a tolerable cleaning and patching, of course without disturbance of the tenants, who simply held their tongues. When the work was nearly done, Cogswell came over to inspect; and, on the same occasion, he tried to obtain a list of the occupiers' names; but only in three out of the seven houses was he successful. Never mind, he said to himself, all in good time. It was plain that no one felt able to accuse him of imposture. The rents would soon recoup him for his small outlay; then, for the future, he could count upon a pleasant little sum as weekly addition to his income. It was a capital idea, and well worth the trouble.

To give the thing a more formal appearance, he arranged with the builder—by name, Smethurst—to act as his agent in collecting rents. Smethurst, as soon as the repairs were finished, delivered at each house a printed notice, making demand of a certain weekly rent, due immediately. As usual in this locality, rents would be collected on Monday, and on Monday afternoon Cogswell, full of hope, kept an appointment with his agent at the latter's place of business.

"Well, Smethurst? No trouble, had you?"

"Trouble?" answered the other, with a grin. "No, not much trouble. But I got no money, either."

"Eh? They won't pay their rents?"

"Not a blessed farden! They say they never have done, and they ain't a-goin' to begin."

Cogswell, dark of countenance, made his way to the Passage. He had much ado to refrain from evil language; but, keeping up the show of matter-of-fact procedure, he proclaimed at each house that either rent must be paid or the premises vacated. All he got in return was mocking and defiance. The people did not contest his authority; they merely refused to pay, and bade him do what he would. One man declared that he had occupied his house, and paid rates, for fifteen years; another asserted the like status for very nearly as long. Let him try to turn them out; maybe he wouldn't find it so easy.

The struggle continued for some weeks—if struggle it could be called, where the one side could only employ impotent threats, and the other remained contemptuously passive. Cogswell found he had overreached himself; there was Smethurst's bill to pay, and no prospect of a penny from the ungrateful tenants whose dwellings he had so generously restored. Had it been possible, he would, of course, have left the builder in the lurch; but, in his gay confidence, he had allowed Smethurst to get too sure a hold upon him; if the man sued for his money, the affair might have unpleasant consequences. Cogswell paid, and cursed the home of his childhood.

## MISS GWENNIE HASTO.

Not many people saw Miss Gwennie Hasto when, a year ago, she played for a short season at the Opéra Comique; but those who saw her liked her. Thousands of tourists at Lancashire and Yorkshire watering-places saw her during last summer, and were favourably impressed. This winter, at what has now become an important suburban theatre—the Theatre Royal, Stratford—she plays the title-part in "Little Red Riding Hood." In it she acts with naturalness, vivacity, intelligence. She is refined, and dances with agility and singular skill. Directly the run of the Stratford pantomime is over, Miss Hasto, it is said, will dance her way into important music-halls. But it is hardly likely that the music-halls will keep her to themselves, for, as she has a distinct sense of comedy, her best occupation may be found, perhaps, in burlesque. Miss Gwennie Hasto has a slender and elegant beauty, and can be grave as well as funny. She is extremely young, and all her heart is in her work.

## NORTH AND SOUTH.

Love flew down from the North,  
On the wings of the icy wind;  
All flecked with the falling snow—  
His eyes like the stars aglow,  
On a winter's frost he came forth  
From the shades of the silent North.

Love sped up from the South,  
On the wings of the whispering breeze;  
His eyes like the azure sea,  
And voice as the wild bird free—  
With a kiss on his crimson mouth,  
He came from the golden South.

Oh! South and North, Love flies at will;  
He is here! He is there! But ye seek him still.  
He speeds like the flash of a falling star;  
He's here! He's gone, through the world afar,  
To the North or the sunny South.

KATHLEEN HAYDN GREEN.





"Well, Mrs. Hurst, I hear your son John has gone to Australia."

"Yes, indeed, sir. As the Scriptures do say, 'Train up a child and away 'e do go.'"



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## ONE WAY OF LOVE.

BY E. NESBIT.

You don't believe in coincidences, which is only another way of saying that all things work together for good for them that love God—or to them that don't, for that matter, if they are honestly trying to do what they think right. Now I do.

I had as good a time as most young fellows when I was young. My father farmed a bit of land down Malling way, and I walked out with the prettiest girl in our parts. Jenny was her name, Jenny Teesdale; her people come from the North. Pretty as a pink Jenny was, and neat in her ways, and would make me a good wife, everyone said, even my own mother; and when a man's mother owns that about a girl, he may know he's got hold of a treasure. Now Jenny—her name was Jane, but we called her Jenny for short—she had a cousin Amelia, who was apprenticed to the millinery and dressmaking in Maidstone; the two had been brought up

time of day and asked after each other's relations, I says, "Look here, Amelia, what is it that's making mischief between you and me and Jenny, as used to be so jolly along of each other?"

She went red, and she went white and red again.

"Don't 'e ask me, Tom—don't 'e now, there's a good fellow."

And, of course, I asked her all the more.

Then says she, "Jenny'll never forgive me if I tell you."

"Jenny shan't never know," says I; and I swore it, too.

Then says Amelia, "I can't a-bear to tell you, Tom, for I know it will break your 'eart. But Jenny, she don't care for you no more; it's Joe Wheeler as she fancies now, and she's out with him this very minute, as here we stand."

"I'll wring her neck for her," says I. Then, when I'd taken time to think a bit, "I can't believe this, Amelia," says I; "not even from you. I must ask Jenny."

"But that's just what you 'ave swore not to do," says she. "She'll never forgive me if you do, Tom; and what need of asking



"Oh, Tom, forgive me, or I shall go mad!"

together from little things, and they was that fond of each other it was a pleasure to see them together. I was fond of Amelia, too, like as a brother might be; and, when Jenny and me walked out of a Sunday, as often as not Amelia would come with us, and all went on happy enough for a while. Then I began to notice Jenny didn't seem to care so much about walking out, and one Sunday afternoon she said she had a headache and would rather stay at home by the fire, for it was early spring and the days chilly. Amelia and me took a turn by ourselves, and when we got back to Teesdale's farm, there was Jenny, wonderfully brisked up, talking and laughing away with young Wheeler, whose father keeps the post-office. I was not best pleased, I can tell you; but I kept a still tongue in my head, only, as time went on, I couldn't help seeing Jenny didn't seem to be at all the same to me, and Amelia seemed sad, too.

I was in the hairdressing then, and serving my time, so it was only on Sundays or an evening that I could get out. But at last I said to myself, "This can't go on; us three that used to be so jolly, we're as flat as half a pint of four ale; and I'll know the reason why," says I, "before I'm twenty-four hours older." So I went to Teesdale's with that clear fixed in my head.

Jenny was not in the house, but Amelia was. The old folks had gone to a Magic Lantern in the school-room, and Amelia was alone in the house.

"I'll have it out with her," thinks I; so, as soon as we had passed the

when for the trouble of walking the length of the road you can see them together? But, if I tell you where to find them, you swear you won't speak or make a fuss, because she'd know I'd told you?"

"I swear I won't," says I.

"Well, then," says Amelia, "I don't seem to be acting fair to her; but, take it the other way, I can't a-bear to stand by and see you deceived, Tom. If you go by the churchyard an hour from now, you'll see them in the porch; but don't you never say I told you. Now, be off, Tom," says she.

It was early summer by this time, and the evenings long. I don't think any man need envy me what I felt as I walked about the lanes waiting till it was time to walk up to the church and find out for certain that I'd been made a fool of.

It was dusk when I opened the churchyard-gate and walked up the path.

There she was, sure enough, in her Sunday muslin with the violet sprig, and her black silk jacket with the bugles; and her arm was round Joe Wheeler's neck—confound him!—and his arms were round her waist, both of them. They didn't see me, and I stood for a minute and looked at them, and but for what I'd sworn to Amelia I believe I should have taken Wheeler by the throat and shaken the life out of him then and there. But I had sworn, and I turned sharp and walked away, and I never went up to Teesdale's nor to my father's farm, but I went straight



back to Pound's, the man I was bound to, and I wrote a letter to Jenny and one to Amelia, and in Amelia's I only said—

DEAR AMELIA,—Thank you very much; you were quite right. TOM.

And in the other I said—

JENNY,—I've had pretty well enough of you; you can go to the devil your own way. So no more at present from your sincere well-wisher, TOM.  
P.S.—I'm going for a soldier.

And I left everything: my master that I was bound to, and my trade and my father. And I went straight off to London. And I should have been a soldier right enough but that I fell in with a fireman, and he persuaded me to go in for that business, which is just as exciting as a soldier's, and a great deal more dangerous, most times. And a fireman I was for six or eight years, but I never cared to walk out with another girl when I thought of Jenny. I didn't tell my folks where I'd gone, and for years I heard nothing from them.

And one night there was a fire in a street off the Borough—a high-house it was—and I went up the ladder to a window where there was a woman screaming, and directly I see her face I see it was Jenny.

I fetched her down the ladder right enough, and she clung round my neck (she didn't know me from Adam), and said: "Oh, go back and fetch my husband." And I knew it was Wheeler I'd got to go and find.

Then I went back and I looked for Wheeler.

There he was, lying on the bed, drunk.

Then the Devil says to me, "What call have you to go and find him, the drunken swine? Leave him be, and you can marry Jenny, and let bygones be bygones"; and I stood there half a minute, quite still, with the smoke getting thick round me. Then, the next thing I knew, there was a cracking under my feet, and the boards giving way, and I sprang across to Wheeler all in a minute, as anxious to save him as if he'd been my own twin brother. There was no wiking him: it was lift him or leave him, and somehow or other I got him out; but that minute I'd given to listening to Satan had very nearly chucked us both to our death, and we only just come off with our lives. The crowd cheered like mad when I dragged him out.

I was burnt awful bad, and such good looks as I'd had burnt off me, and I didn't know nothing plainly for many a long day.

And when I come to myself I was in a hospital, and there was a sweet-faced charity sister sitting looking at me, and, by the Lord, if it wasn't Amelia! And she fell on her knees beside me, and she says, "Tom, I must tell you. Ever since I found religion I've known what a wicked girl I was. Oh, Tom, to see you lying there, so ill! Oh, Tom, forgive me, or I shall go mad, I know I shall!"

And, with that, she told me straight out, holding nothing back, that what she'd said to me that night eight years ago was a lie, no better; and that who I'd seen in the church porch with young Wheeler was not Jenny at all, but Amelia herself, dressed in Jenny's things.

"Oh, forgive me, Tom!" says Amelia, the tears runnin' over her nun's dress. "Forgive me, Tom, for I can never forgive myself! I knew Jenny didn't rightly care about you, Tom, and I loved you so dear. And Wheeler wanted Jenny, and so I was tempted to play off that trick on you; I thought you would come round to me after."

I was weak still with my illness, but I put my hand on hers; and I says, "I do forgive you, Amelia, for, after all, you done it for love of me. And are you a nun, my dear?" says I.

"No," says she, "I'm only on liking, as it were; if I don't like them or they don't like me, I can leave any minute."

"Then, leave, for God's sake!" says I, "if you've got a bit of love for me left. Let bygones be bygones, and marry me as soon as I come out of this, for it's worth something to be loved as you've loved me, Amelia, and I was always fond of you."

"What?" says she. "Me marry you, and be happy after all the harm I've done? You run away from your articles and turned fireman, and Jenny married a drunken brute—no, Tom, no! I don't deserve to be happy; but, if you forgive me, I shan't be as miserable as I was."

"Well," says I, "if ever you think better of it, let me know."

And the curious thing is that, within two years, she did think better of it—for why? That fire had sobered Wheeler more than twenty thousand temperance tracts and all the Sons of the Phoenix and Bands of Hope rolled into one. He never touched a drop of drink since that day, and Jenny's as happy as her kind ever is. I hear she didn't fret over me more than a month, though perhaps that's only what I deserved, writing to her as I did. And then Amelia she said—"No such harm done then, after all." So she married me.

Now, you see, if I'd listened to Satan and hadn't pulled Wheeler out, I shouldn't have got burned, and I shouldn't have got into the hospital, and I shouldn't have found Amelia again, and then where should I have been? Whereas now, we're farming the same bit of land that my father farmed before us. And if this was a made-up story, Amelia would have had to drown herself or something, and I should have gone a-weeping and a-wailing for Jenny all my born days; but, as it's true and really happened, Amelia and me have been punished enough, I think, for eight years of unhappiness is only a few words of print in a story-book, but when you've got to live them, every day of them, eight years is eight years, as Amelia and I shall remember till our dying day; and eight years' unhappiness is enough punishment for most of the wrong things a man can do, or a woman either for that matter.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

If any of my readers chance to see Mr. Alfred Cochrane's book of verse, "The Kestrel's Nest," they will know him to be one of the cleverest of the light-verse writers of to-day. "Leviore Plectro" (Longmans), his new book, is just as good. He is the kind of poet sensible folks would like to know, the so-called better ones being utterly impracticable as everyday companions, and terribly conceited as well. But Mr. Cochrane tells you from the beginning not to take him seriously—

And since I know when all is done,  
When all the scansions neatly run,  
And I put forth into the sun  
My pensive carollings,  
They will, unseen of any eye,  
Disport themselves in print and die,  
Like some midsummer butterfly,  
Without his gorgeous wings.

But he shouldn't say "no Muse inspires my lays." There is a Muse of *vers de société*, and hard she is to please; and he is a favourite of hers, else he could not amuse us half so well and charm us half so often with his delicate chaff of town-bred people, his country ditties, his songs of golf and cricket, or be inspired to moan so happily because he has to approach Amaryllis, not on a palfrey, but inactive in the south express, unable even to do as the driver does, and force the speed with extra lumps of coal—

That were an outlet for my zeal,  
An act my suit to plead,  
Not equal to the rowelled heel,  
But still a worthy deed;  
Fulfilling better the idea  
Of Quixote seeking Dulcinea.

Books without end have been written about China: its history, religion, society, art, examination system, and folklore, have each been expounded and illustrated; but it remains an incomprehensible land for most of us all the same. I have been brought nearer to some kind of understanding of the life and atmosphere by a book that has, maybe, not half the solid learning of some that I have looked into before. It is a queer, rambling, unorganised kind of book, that permits you to begin at the end, or in the middle, if you like, and each chapter is full of digressions. "A String of Chinese Peach Stories" is its name; Mr. W. A. Cornaby is the author; the publisher is Mr. C. H. Kelly. Yet there is a kind of continuous story running through it, not a novel exactly, but consecutive incidents associated with the careers of certain characters, which the author says are drawn from life, with some interesting glimpses into the inner history of the Taiping Rebellion. But the narrative is broken a thousand times to speak of a local custom, or to quote proverbs, or to tell stories, or to expound folklore; and perhaps these digressions are not digressions at all, but the real end of the book. It is very easy to read; you forget you are reading; seem rather now to be listening to the garrulous conversation of an old traveller, or, again, looking through a kaleidoscope of bizarre colours and endless variety of design. China is still as strange, but not quite so unfamiliar, at the end of Mr. Cornaby's queer and very interesting jumble of odds and ends. One had hardly imagined it possible for a very close friendship to exist between a Celestial and an Englishman; but the author here confides that much of his knowledge was gathered from a Chinese friend who was evidently a close companion—"a walking encyclopædia of anecdote, who had been schoolboy, 'house-boy,' colporteur's assistant, a partner in a little firm, pottery-painter, and opium-smoker. A serious illness having destroyed the opium craving, he came to live under my roof, accompanying me in my journeyings, and our companionship (yes, we plied our chopsticks together for a long time) only ceased when I buried him—and buried a bit of my heart with him." China does not seem quite so far off or so impossible after reading that.

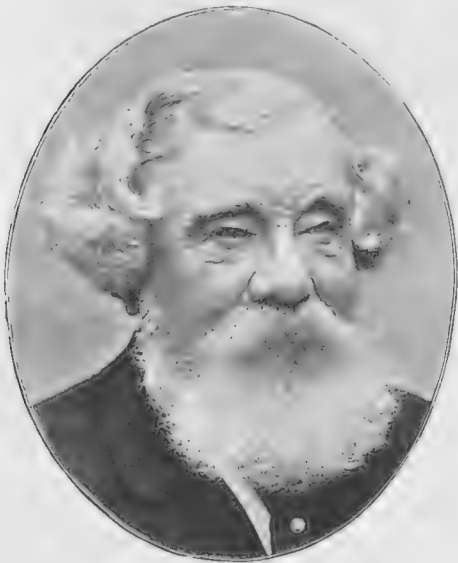
Mr. Frank Mathew, whose stories of Irish life in "The Rising of the Moon" gained him recognition as a promising writer some few years ago, has written his first long novel, "The Wood of the Brambles" (Lane). I think it may disappoint some who like a well-rounded story, one with a regularly built plot, a satisfactory hero, and a definitely happy or a definitely tragic ending. It has none of these things. It is the story of a muddle, and so it can't be smooth and clear and definite. The hero does not behave at all as the writers of adventure-stories have given us the habit of believing heroes should behave. The scene is laid during the Wexford Rising, and the novelist is certainly not a partisan of either side. He sees fun, or heroism, or eccentricity, or tragedy, here, there, and everywhere, and he leaves us with the mixed-sense of both reality and confusion that we should probably have experienced had we actually gone through the muddled rebellion ourselves. There is much less fine sentiment than we have been accustomed to in Irish books of late—there is a good deal of cynicism, in fact. But it would be a very English mistake to take it too seriously. It is a gay cynicism, and not unkindly. Indeed, though not a happy story, there is more of the lighter Irish wit and sparkle than in any other recent Irish book. How wholesomely upsetting to some political theorists would be Shamus Dhu's description of the honest feelings of peasants to the gentry, and their candid criticism of them! "The respect of the old shcock" is not to be counted on, says Shamus, except "when they think it annoys the new shcock; or if they are wantin' to soothe you. An' all the time they are laughin' up the sleeves o' their waistcoats, an' thinkin', 'A fine old shcock of a weed it is; an' this lad came over wid Cromwell, hardly a thousand years ago yet, an' he looks down upon one that was king of all the country before the mountains were made.'"—o. o.

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## LI.—THE "BRISTOL TIMES AND MIRROR."

In a previous article we dealt with the *Western Daily Press*, the first daily newspaper issued in the West of England. The other great daily in Bristol is the *Times and Mirror*, which has the distinction of having descended in the direct line from the earliest weekly newspaper published in that part of the country. The vigorous journal of to-day has been evolved from about six or eight predecessors. It sprang from a journalistic venture launched in the year of Queen Anne's coronation. The name of this small folio sheet, crudely printed on coarse, light-brown paper, was the *Post-Boy*—the common progenitor of all the papers which the modern *Times and Mirror* has, like an Aaron's rod, swallowed up. The journalistic progeny of the *Post-Boy* diverged into two separate and distinct branches. Each branch threw out new shoots, the names of which

period of over a century and a half, a happy reunion was effected, and the inky inspirations of four or five generations of clever Pressmen appropriately palpitate in the columns of the daily organ of the Conservative Party in the West of England. Many men of high attainments helped to rear the modern superstructure. Among them were Mortimer Collins, poet and novelist; Dr. Andrew Wynter, a prominent contributor to the *Quarterly Review*; Shirley Brooks, onetime editor of *Punch*; Mr. Joseph Lecch, Mr. Charles Pebody, and Mr. Joseph Hatton, the novelist. With a long lineage and a splendid record of work achieved, it was inevitable that the *Times and Mirror* should become one of the inalienable institutions of the City by the Avon. The journal has entirely justified its existence, for it has fought many a stubborn fight in defence of the Conservative cause in the "West Countree," and to-day it occupies a prominent position in the ranks of the provincial Press. The *Bristol Times and Mirror* is uncompromisingly Tory, and one of its most distinctive features is the vigour of its editorials. But the proprietors have successfully developed the literary, news, commercial, and



MR. T. D. TAYLOR.  
Photo by F. Blyth, Bristol.



MR. GOODENOUGH TAYLOR.  
Photo by W. H. Midwinter, Bristol.



MR. WALTER HAWKINS.  
Photo by W. H. Midwinter, Bristol.

changed, as the chameleon changes colour, till eventually, in 1853, on the one hand, the famous *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* was fused with the *Bristol Times*. On the other side of the house, the process of development culminated in the establishment, in 1773, of the *Bristol Mirror*, which, in

sporting departments of the journal.

The proprietors of the *Bristol Times and Mirror* are Messrs. T. D. Taylor, Sons, and Hawkins. The senior partner is, like the paper, an institution in Bristol. He began his journalistic career in his early teens, though it was not till 1838 that he

first became associated with his father in the management of the *Mirror*. The irrepressible energy of youth, however, led Taylor the younger to strike out a new path for himself; and he assumed the proprietorship and editorship of the most flourishing journal in the

1811, became the property of Mr. John Taylor, one of the most famous of the earlier journalists in this part of the country—being, in the words of Mortimer Collins, "the giant journalist of the West of England; 6 ft. 4 in. in his stockings, and broad in proportion." Under his fostering care the



FRONTAGE OF OLD "BRISTOL TIMES AND MIRROR" OFFICES.



COMPOSING-ROOM, IN WHICH JOANNA SOUTHCOTT PREACHED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARVEY BARTON, BRISTOL.

old *Mirror* rapidly attained a first-class position among the weeklies, and in 1865 the proprietors of the *Times* (otherwise *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*) and of the *Bristol Mirror* joined forces, and the present daily paper was the immediate result of the amalgamation. Thus, after a

neighbouring city of Bath, the *Bath Chronicle*. In 1863 he returned to the Bristolian fold, and, his father having died, he became sole proprietor of the *Mirror*. Mr. T. D. Taylor, whose venerable and portly figure is one of the most familiar in his native city, is the *doyen*



of Bristol pressmen. He is genial, witty, an inimitable *raconteur*, and a neat versifier. Moreover, he has the faculty of making friends and keeping them. He is a crisp and clever writer, and an admirable man of business. Brother journalists in his native city and elsewhere have thrust many honours upon him. To enumerate all would be a

Newspaper Press Fund, Mr. Goodenough Taylor is a Fellow of the Institute of Journalists, of which he is likewise a Vice-President.

Until a few years ago, the management of the *Times and Mirror* was a Triple Alliance, Mr. Walter Hawkins being junior ally. The junior now, however, is Mr. Henry Taylor—a Cheltenham College man—the



GENERAL PRINTING-ROOM, WITH ELIZABETHAN MANTELPIECE.



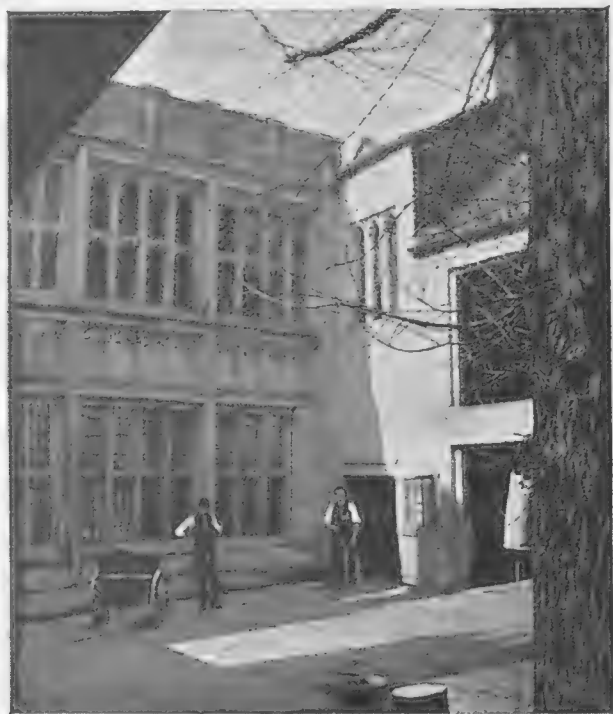
REPORTERS' ROOM, WITH ELIZABETHAN MANTELPIECE.

weariness, and it is only necessary to say that the latest of the tributes paid to his personal worth and professional capacity was his election as a Fellow of the Institute of Journalists.

In order of seniority, the next member of the firm is Mr. Goodenough Taylor, the eldest son of the principal. Mr. Goodenough Taylor has not only inherited the journalistic instinct, but all those amiable traits of character which constitute the secret of popularity. After he left Blundell's School at Tiverton—where, by the way, the first scene of "*Lorna Doone*" is laid—he joined the staff of the *Times and Mirror*. But, like most young journalists, he yearned for London. And to London he went, as a reporter on the *Globe*. A year later he joined the Parliamentary corps of the *Morning Post*, a connection maintained until the end of 1882, when he became a proprietor of the journal owned by his father.

son of a worthy sire, and a very promising recruit to a notably journalistic family circle. On the shoulders of Mr. Walter Hawkins, with his forty years of journalistic experience—thirty of them passed in the office of the *Bristol Times and Mirror*—has naturally devolved a great part of the responsibility for the conduct of the paper in its modern form. He has been reporter, sub-editor, and assistant-editor, and he is now part proprietor of the journal.

A reference to the offices of the journal under review conjures up some old-world scenes. Before the paper was removed into its present commodious offices (which adjoin the block occupied by the Bristol Post Office), it was housed in a building of great antiquity and historic interest in Small Street. Some parts of these premises, on the site of which the Assize Courts now stand, dated back as far as 1300, but the



COURTYARD COMMANDED BY OFFICE WINDOWS.



EDITORIAL ROOM, WHERE CHARLES I. WAS ENTERTAINED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARVEY BARTON, BRISTOL.

Mr. Goodenough Taylor also acted as "Our London Correspondent" for three or four of the more notable papers in the North, besides supplying plenty of crisp metropolitan gossip to his father's journal. Now, in the intervals of his journalistic work, Mr. Goodenough Taylor finds relaxation in sport. He is, in particular, an ardent yachtsman, and is a member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. For London club-life his *penchant* has survived his Parliamentary days, and he belongs to several political and literary clubs in town. Besides being a member of the Council of the

main portion was erected during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. About the middle of the seventeenth century, Colston, the father of the great philanthropist, occupied the house, and entertained Charles I. and his two sons in the spacious hall thereof. Colston, whose "pious memory" has just been perpetuated in Bristol by the erection of a public statue, lived in the house in 1740, and in one of the apartments (used as the composing-room of the *Times and Mirror*) Joanna Southcott was wont to preach.

## THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

When a tube of glass, into the ends of which two platinum wires have been fused, is exhausted of air and placed in connection with the terminals of an induction or Ruhmkorff coil or Wimshurst machine, it is found that the character of the sparks passing from the anode or positive pole to the



METAL OBJECTS, THROUGH CALICO POCKET AND SHEET OF ALUMINIUM.  
*Photo by Mr. A. A. C. Swinton.*

cathode or negative entirely alters as the vacuum increases; and when the amount of air is from one fifty-thousandth to one eighty-thousandth of the original quantity, a peculiar form of rays, or light, called "cathode rays," is produced, which rays possess the property of making that part of the glass on which they strike fluoresce. This was first discovered by Hittorf, but such tubes are usually known as "Crookes' tubes."

These cathode rays possess peculiar properties. For instance, a small paddle-wheel, supported on two parallel rods inside a Crookes' tube, will rapidly revolve, being actuated by these rays. Lenard, of



THE HUMAN HAND.  
*Photo by Dr. K. Domalip, Prague.*

Hungary, studied the effects of these rays in 1894, and published some striking illustrations, showing that, after passing through the glass, they possessed the property of passing through substances which in the ordinary way are considered opaque, such as wood, ebonite, leather, &c.

But little notice was taken of this paper till Professor W. K. Röntgen, of Würzburg University, experimenting in the same direction, found that a piece of photographic paper lying under a Crookes' tube surrounded with black paper was marked with black lines. Starting from this point, he began experimenting; and found that cathode rays excited a peculiar form of energy which he calls  $x$  (that is, unknown) rays, which are more powerful than the cathode, and possess the power of passing in absolutely straight lines, even at a distance of eighty inches, through almost all organic substances, such as wood, leather, horn, paper, &c., but not through metal.

Professor Röntgen's results have been confirmed by Mr. J. W. Gifford and Mr. A. A. C. Swinton in England, and by Schmidt, Klupathy, and others on the Continent. It is possible with these rays to obtain shadow-photographs of the bones of any portion of the human frame, the flesh



A CARICATURE OF THE NEW PHOTOGRAPH.  
*Reproduced from "Jugend" of Munich.*

being almost transparent to them. By the aid of the new photography, Mosling, of Vienna, has located a bullet in a man's hand, the peculiar malformation of a club-foot, and the position of splinters of glass in a glass-worker's hand, for glass, quartz, and like substances are, to a great extent, opaque, if not entirely opaque, to these rays.

The special application would seem to lie in surgical work, and also possibly in the detection of flaws and imperfect admixture of alloys. The necessity of a powerful coil or Wimshurst machine and a perfect Crookes' tube will, however, to a great extent limit its present use.

It is a grave question whether these  $x$  rays can be called light; they are absolutely invisible to the eye, and Professor Röntgen states that they are longitudinal vibrations in the ether, and not transverse, like ordinary light—a view which is strongly supported by Jaumann, who considers them rather of the nature of electric vibrations.

Here is a photograph of a hand, taken by Dr. K. Domalip, in Prague, after the new method. Owing to the diversity of chemical substances, the flesh of the hand is but dimly visible, the ring on the finger appearing in a deep black mark, as if hanging upon the bone, while the finger-nails have totally disappeared. The bones alone come into sharp relief. Dr. Domalip is at present engaged in preparing photographs displaying various pathological conditions, such as a carious bone.



## MY FAVOURITE HYMN.

A celebrity here and there has furnished Mr. Stead, in reply to his application, with a list of "Hymns that have helped me"; but most men of affairs have given him the slip. Under the circumstances, let us supply the hiatus—

Dr. Jameson: "Hold the fort, for I am coming."  
 Jabez Balfour: "There is a happy land, far, far away."  
 Mr. James Stuart, M.P.: "What star is this that beams so bright?"  
 Mr. Albert Chevalier: "Come let us join our cheerful songs."  
 Mrs. Besant: "O for a faith that will not shrink."  
 Mr. Maskelyne: "Now my tongue the mystery telling."  
 Jerome K. Jerome: "Tell me the old, old story."  
 Alfred Austin: "How welcome was the call!"  
 Edison: "Lead, kindly light."  
 The First Lord of the Admiralty: "A little ship was on the sea."  
 Captain Coe: "There were ninety and nine that safely lay."  
 Messrs. T. Cook and Son: "From Greenland's icy mountains."  
 Mr. Chamberlain: "I was a wandering sheep."  
 Sir Wilfrid Lawson: "Shall we gather at the river?"  
 Sir Edward Clarke: "Brief life is here our portion."  
 Madame Patti: "O for a thousand tongues to sing."  
 Mr. Du Maurier: "Throned upon the awful Tree."  
 Mr. W. T. Stead: "Bishop of the souls of men."  
 Jesse Collings: "Now the labourer's task is o'er."  
 Mr. Jay: "When our heads are bowed with woe."

On hearing the phrase originally, Mr. Labouchere is said to have remarked, "No *him* has helped me—only a *her*." A woman, of course, would change the sex of the pronoun.

I asked a pretty girl to name  
 The hymn she liked the best,  
 I wished to know if form or fame  
 Was taken as its test.  
 She smiled and said—  
 "Oh, Mr. Stead!  
 How can you ask me why?  
 Of course, I like"—she hung her head—  
 "A *him*—without the *y*."  
 She's young; and youth must have its fling,  
 And knows not where to stop;  
 Instead of Watts, she'd like to sing  
 The latest comic op.  
 I turned me to  
 Her mother, who  
 Is quite two-score-and-ten—  
 "Well, every woman not a shrew  
 Likes *him*—without the *n*."  
 How perverse is each sex's whim!  
 For when I went to see  
 And put the question to a him,  
 The verdict startled me—  
 "I don't decline  
 To name the line  
 Of hymns I most prefer;  
 But what I rather *would* decline  
 Ain't *him* nor *it*, but *her*."



JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.  
 Photo by Heslop Woods, Leeds.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

So it seems that the mild literary man who has hitherto been disobeyed by the greater part of the Irish Party is now retiring from his thankless eminence. The step has long been due. What was the entertaining and urbane novelist, the genial if not always adequate historian, doing in that mutinous galley? What common ground could he have with the indomitable Tim, or with the amiable enthusiasts who have been eulogising Krüger—a belated provincial Cromwell—and his crew of obsolete Ironsides, and acclaiming William the Wirer, merely because all these have shown hostility to Great Britain? The good Justin hardly ever joins in this blatant chorus; and when he has been compelled to make-believe that he is politically furious, he deceives no one except, perhaps, himself. Not that anyone could doubt the sincerity of the ex-leader of the Nationalists; but it does not seem to be possible for him to make an enemy of anybody, or to have any serious conflict with anyone. He was a considerable influence for Home Rule, but more by what he was than what he did. His respectability was a perpetual answer to charges of treason.

One wonders whether the unlucky Ferdinand of Bulgaria will imitate the example of the blameless McCarthy. After long and weary peregrinations, "the Coburger" has at length summoned up courage or cowardice enough—one really cannot say which—to have his baby Boris converted to the Orthodox Church. It was a refreshing whiff from the Middle Ages to see the unhappy Prince imploring the Pope not to excommunicate him for making his son a schismatic. So there are actually even now potentates who are afraid of that sort of thing! The excellent Leo XIII. must have felt quite Hildebrandy, for the moment. Let us hope that the excommunication will follow, with bell, book, and candle. It would be a pity for such an opportunity to be lost. Not for many years would the Pontiff, or any Pontiff, get another such chance; for hardly anybody will dispute the justice of the sentence—and the victim will feel the infliction keenly. Never was a more excommunicable person.

Speaking of excommunication, what are the Roman Catholic dignitaries in England going to do to the biographer of the late Cardinal Manning? Mr. Purcell has created almost as much of discord as his namesake, whom we have been commemorating, made of music. The outside world, little concerned with Cardinals as such, may be glad, at least, that the task of the biographer did not fall to the official chroniclers of the Cardinal's Church. For the present Life of Manning is a Life of a human being, if possibly of the wrong human being; and official biographies are accounts of stuffed dummies. Only, if Mr. Purcell was the intimate friend of the late Cardinal, and his chosen chronicler, it is yet hardly possible to believe that he performed his duty in exactly the spirit desired by the subject of it.

The moral of the Cardinal's career would seem to be that it is hard to be an English Roman Catholic. There is something anti-Papal in the air of these islands, and has been even when England was the special darling of the Church. Since the Reformation the tendency is still stronger. An Englishman is born a Protestant; even if he succeeds in extirpating that temper, it takes something of his vitality with it. Cardinal Newman remained to the last, in spite of himself, more English than Roman. Manning, passionately rushing into the Ultramontane camp, was yet never quite at home there, if an outsider can judge by his restless and erratic movements. Nobody seems quite to have trusted him. To the old, traditionally Catholic English families he was discrediting his dignity by fraternising noisily with Labour leaders of monosyllabic names, and professional philanthropists void of discretion. To the Democratic and Labour tribunes themselves there must have been present an uneasy doubt whether he were using them or they him.

In short, the Cardinal, brilliant as were his talents, and worthy as were his aims, was of the race of those that fall between two stools. Every man that conspicuously changes his guiding opinions, religious or political, with whatever sincerity, must pass through a transition period, during which he lays himself necessarily open to the charge of inconsistency, and even of dishonesty, from one side, if not both. And, even when he has passed over, there is an element of doubt in the welcome of his new comrades, while there is none in the hooting of the deserted camp. After all, if we occasionally change our opinions, and yet escape without any violent wrench or widespread opprobrium, it is because neither we nor our opinions are of the slightest moment to anybody else, and of but little importance to ourselves.

But certainly the unpleasant disputes over the Life of Manning add a new terror to death. We can see why so many men of note have written autobiographies, and so many more obstinately refuse to die, and insist on outliving all their relations and possible biographers. The fact is, that we are biographed and commemorated too much. As the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography" lately pointed out, we are gradually all becoming famous. Pretty soon we shall be all eking out a precarious living by writing one another's Lives. It is enough to make the most gifted seek obscurity.

"Lives" of great men, causing scandal,  
 Teach us not to seek for fame;  
 You must pay for Purcell's candle  
 If you play at Manning's game!

MARMITON.

## SOCIETY ON CYCLES.

The latest thing in bicycles is an old one—that is to say, a machine new to Englishmen, but pretty old in age, has just been introduced to this country, and, if you want to know all about it, I would refer you to the London agents, Messrs. Vigor and Co., of 21, Baker Street, the people to whom we already owe a debt of gratitude for having enabled us both to hunt and to scull in the back-parlour, with no risk, not even to the furniture.

I suppose the "Columbia" bicycles are pretty well known by repute. One has, however, to obtain personal inspection ere being able to appreciate to the full the many excellent qualities of the handsome machine. Of course, the proprietors claim for it pre-eminence over all other bicycles. That is one of the weaknesses of proprietors, engendered, doubtless, of honest enthusiasm. While I will not permit myself to go so far, this I will say, that the "Columbia" is one of the bonniest—as it is the lightest—vehicles one could desire to gaze and to sit upon. In fact, the weight is no more than twenty pounds, or thereabouts. To quote the firm, "For nineteen years the Pope Manufacturing Company has had but one aim, to build the best bicycles in the world; and, as a result, for nineteen years 'Columbias' have been the recognised standard for bicycle attainment."

The machine, however, has not been built at the expense of safety; practical use has not been forfeited to lightness and elegance. The special and nickel-steel tubing used is the product of the firm's own tube department, while the testing department is believed to be the only one of its kind in any existing bicycle factory. Steel forgings for all joints and brackets are adhered to, while the "Columbia" patented crank-shaft mechanism is, of course, maintained. This is claimed to add a stiffness to the frame and crank-shaft, with an extreme narrowness of tread not otherwise obtainable. Other features are the large barrel-hubs and large crank-shaft bracket, the Hartford single-tube tyre, the "Columbia" adjustable handle-bar, the "Columbia" self-oiling chain, the "Columbia" ball-bearings, the laminated wood rims, and the "Columbia" ball-pedals.

When to light up:—To-day, 6.8; to-morrow, 6.10; Feb. 14, 6.11; Feb. 15, 6.13; Feb. 16, 6.15; Feb. 17, 6.17; Feb. 18, 6.19. When to extinguish:—To-day, 6.23; to-morrow, 6.21; Feb. 14, 6.19; Feb. 15, 6.17; Feb. 16, 6.15; Feb. 17, 6.13; Feb. 18, 6.11.

I would like to advise my readers never to overdo a spin. The cyclist should not wait till he or she feels exhausted. In the case of a



THE "COLUMBIA" BICYCLE.

beginner, I would advocate the shortest of rides. As a rule, once a young fellow or lady can ride alone it is difficult to induce him or her to get off the machine.

I see that the Melbourne Cycling Tourists' Club of Australia have recently passed a resolution prohibiting lady cyclists connected with that

body from wearing knickerbockers. I am inclined to regard this as tyranny. I certainly have no great love for knickerbockers, but surely ladies are entitled to cater for their own tastes. It may be expected that, as a consequence of this movement, the ladies will now be all the more eager to sport the knickers. We shall see.

The Mayor of Birmingham has been raising a fine hornets' nest about his ears in consequence of his expressed determination not to identify himself with any athletic association. This is indeed a strange remark, coming from such a place as Birmingham, where every other person one meets is a sportsman in an active sense. I understand that the Mayor is to be asked to become a patron of the Aston Villa Theatrical Charity Sports. It will be interesting to see his reply.

Here is a photograph of Mr. A. A. Zimmerman, with Mr. Justin starting him. It was taken in Sydney after the former won the championship of Australasia.

Zimmerman and Martin were, a little while ago, the recipients of a congratulatory letter from the American Consul at Sydney, wherein Zimmy and Martin are referred to as "sportsmen and gentlemen."

I am pleased to hear that Sir Charles Hall, the Recorder of London, has benefited largely from cycling.

There is a new ladies' club just started in Philadelphia, whose objects are that all members must be under twenty-two years of age, and that they must never appear except in "bloomers." On the face of it, there should be a rush to join, but it is difficult to see how the ages of the ladies are to be arrived at. There will doubtless be a good many grades of twenty-twodom.

The latest—bull-baiting by wheel. I hear that at one of these delicate ceremonies in Spain the picador was mounted on a safety. Safety is hardly the word; since the rider was promptly "elevated" by the bull, whose opinions on pneumatics in general would be interesting, seeing that this particular machine was shattered in a single moment.

An expert has been responsible for the opinion that the heart of a cyclist accomplishes in twenty-four hours a labour equal to lifting one hundred tons one foot from the earth. The average cyclist is not the least bit alarmed by this impressive warning. He is satisfied to let his heart look after itself. It requires some stronger measure to induce him or her to forsake the "bike." A tax would go further.

In Berks, Hants, Sussex, and Kent the police have been supplied with bicycles, while in Surrey the movement will spread pretty shortly. Who would not be a "bobby" in these days?

The cycle tax is expected to enrich the French Exchequer by something like a million pounds in 1896.

In connection with an Austral race, the ladies wore the colours of their favourite riders. This is very pretty, but I wonder whether the colours have to be accommodated to the ladies' tastes?

The fourth cycling exhibition at Berlin has been fixed for March 14 to 22 inclusive.

It would seem to be quite the correct thing nowadays for our leading authors and authoresses to fire off opinions on the sport which has grown to a greater extent than any other. The opinions need not be logical; all that is apparently required is smartness. "Ouida" is responsible for the statement that "cycling makes life ugly." If Madame de la Ramée's knowledge of the wheel is on a par with her experience of the Turf, as exemplified in "Under Two Flags," the cycling world has no occasion for alarm.

They have got it bad on the Continent—or in the cycling press! We are told that a popular comedian on the Continent has arranged a monologue, to be recited as he wheels about the stage. The *fin-de-siècle* humorist is to make his entrance and his exit upon the bicycle, the recitation being varied by bell-ringing. But why end here? Why should the audience be left in the cold? Would it not render the scene more complete and unique if the spectators wheeled about the stalls and the dress-circle and the gallery while the performance was in progress? And, perhaps, in time to come, arrangements can be made for the orchestra.

Following the example of other legal lights, Mr. Justice Barnes has just turned his attention to cycling. Lord Brassey and his daughters are also devotees of the wheel.

OUTRIDER.



ZIMMERMAN AND MR. JUSTIN.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

The beginning of the end is in sight. Next Saturday the second rounds of the Football Association Open and the Football Association Amateur Challenge Cups come up for decision. The Leagues are running to the end of their tether, and the various other Cup competitions are also being rapidly worked through. And yet nobody cares to assume the rôle of the prophet and anticipate results. The fact is, in many respects this has proved a most remarkable season.

I must confess that the draw for *the Cup* pleases me. It is just as one might have desired it. The good clubs have all avoided clashing, and there is a fine prospect for the following rounds. The only leading club as to whose fate anxiety is felt is Sunderland, who, in being drawn against Sheffield Wednesday in Bladeland, have been struck a very severe blow. The reason is that Sheffield has more than once proved the cemetery of Sunderland's hopes, and, though the Wednesday do not at present seem in their best form, yet I fully expect them to lower the colours of the Durhams. It will be, indeed, sad to see Sunderland, the once invincible, lose both the League and the Cup in one season; but there is no doubt that they have deteriorated to a painful extent.

"Just their luck!" is the commentary popularly expressed on the draw of West Bromwich Albion to visit Grimsby Town. The superb win of the poor Throstles at Blackburn earned for them general sympathy, and now everybody is sorrowing that the Albion have to go to such a place as Grimsby Town, where the home team have not yet been beaten this season.

Everton's task is fairly easy, but, for sheer good-fortune, commend me to Derby County, who have nothing stronger to beat than Newton Heath. The fact that the Second Leaguers will be playing at home renders their chance only a shade less hopeless. Burnley will easily beat Stoke, but Bury at Newcastle, Liverpool at Wolverhampton (the Wanderers could only dispose of Notts County at the second attempt), and the Bolton Wanderers at Blackpool have all something to do to get into the third round.

I am afraid that the Amateur Cup is not arousing the great interest which was expected. It is, perhaps, a pity that it clashes with the big Cup, for one date serves for both. The holders, Middlesbrough, have again been favoured with choice of ground, and the Old Carthusians, who, I fancy, will win, should easily dispose of their visitors, Darlington. Of the other matches, the meeting of the Royal Scots and Stockton should attract most attention, and Shrewsbury will, of course, comfortably beat Eastbourne.

When the time comes for summarising the season's football, it will be found that 1895-96 is, for more reasons than one, a best on record. I have already had frequent occasion to remark upon the wonderful interest which still centres in the League contests. The situation in Rugby football is not a whit less exciting. In the first place, we have the Rugby County Championship in a state of delightful uncertainty; and, in the second, the very International Championship is also quite as doubtful.

## CRICKET.

Little further has been heard concerning the approaching visit of the Australian cricketers, albeit rumour says that Jack Lyons and Albert Trott will, after all, be included. I sincerely hope so, because I am sure that if Trott, especially, be left behind, there will be a deal of unpleasant controversy. As it is, I fancy that the absence of Jarvis, who is now regarded by Englishmen as the best wicket-keeper in Australia, and young Clement Hill will cause some comment. Selection of international teams is ever an unpleasant and invidious task.

The tour of Lord Hawke's team in Africa draws to a close, and on all hands it is admitted that the moderate success met with has by no means realised expectations. As I stated some time ago, we must, of course, never lose sight of the important fact that African cricket was bound to have improved since last an English side went out there. But, all the same, a team such as Lord Hawke's should easily have held its own, if not in bowling, then in batting. The significance lies in the undoubted fact that the tourists are more than equal to any county team that could be placed upon the field in England.

Hayward is fulfilling my anticipations, both with bat and ball. Against a Fifteen of Grahamstown, a match in which Lord Hawke's team did not cover themselves with glory, he made an unfinished score of 84 out of a grand (?) total of 109, and then, when the other side went in to make 200, the young Surreyite took seven wickets for 24 runs—a marvellous record! The match eventually ended in a draw in favour of the Africans. Mr. Fry, in the next match, again came out in fine style as batsman and bowler.

## GOLF.

J. H. Taylor, the open-champion, A. Herd, H. Vardon, Auchterlonie, and A. Simpson have just accepted an invitation held out by the Golf Club at Pau to go to France to play for a purse. The club's idea is believed to be a lowering of the record of the greens, at present held by the Pau professional, Lloyd.

The British players have, therefore, arranged to leave England on Wednesday next, so as to commence on the following Monday. The first item will be a two days' competition by score of 72 holes, the best aggregate score, of course, capturing the prize. On the Wednesday and

Thursday a tournament by holes will be played. I am informed that the prizes are to be on a very liberal scale, so that, on the whole, the tourists seem to be set for a happy time.

Here are some fixtures for the ensuing week—

- Feb. 13—Royal Epping Forest Golf Club: Godwin Bogey Competition.
- " 14—Formby Club: Monthly Optional Subscription Prize.
- " 15—West Middlesex Golf Club: Monthly Medal.
- " 15—Rochester Ladies' Golf Club: Monthly Medal.
- " 15—North Manchester Club: Captain's Cup.
- " 15—Fairhaven Golf Club: President's Cup and Mr. Walmsley's Prize.
- " 15—Tooting Bec Club: Bogey Handicap Competition.
- " 15—Southwold Club: Monthly Bronze Medal (handicap).
- " 18—Cumbrae Golf Club: Club Prize and Sweepstake.

## ROWING.

The practice of the rival Blues continues, and present appearances point to one of the most exciting and even races on record. H. Gold, the stroke in the Oxford boat, is shaping very well, as should such an experienced oarsman. Gold is a great friend of V. Nickalls. The heaviest man in the Cambridge boat is T. J. G. Duncanson (Emmanuel), while E. R. Balfour (University), the ex-Rugby football captain, "holds the record" for Oxford with 13 st. 6 lb.

OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The mystery surrounding the Lincoln Handicap has not been solved by the appearance of the acceptances. It is conceded on all sides that the winner is hard to find, and Major Egerton has set us a puzzle indeed to begin the season with. Only one of the American horses stands its ground, and is not, by any means, weighted out of the race. Americus, if as good out as he was last year at home, ought to go very close. Of our own horses, I hear favourable accounts of Minstrel Boy, who is one of the handsomest horses in training. He does his daily gallops on the Wiltshire Downs, and, if he runs as well at Lincoln as he did at Gatwick last year, he should take some beating.

I have heard the most glowing accounts of Rory O'More for the Grand National. He is thought a fiery animal that may not stand up the full course. If he does, the prize is very likely to go to Epsom. The Australian jockey, Hickey, is very fond of the chance of Norton, a fine 'chaser that will, bar accidents, get every foot of the country. We should not forget, however, that Cathal also represents Swatton's stable, though, on the book, Horizon holds the Hon. R. Ward's horse harmless. Of course, the old favourites, Van der Berg, Æsop, and Why Not, will be once more backed for places. The latter, by-the-by, if returned to his old form, might win again.

I was sorry to see such a poor acceptance for the City and Suburban, as the Messrs. Weatherby made the handicap this year. I cannot help thinking that Indian Queen was held too cheap by the framers of the handicap. If Mr. Hobson's mare has retained her Cambridgeshire form of a couple of years back, she will lose the lot opposed to her. Presuming, however, that the handicappers knew something, and that Indian Queen has become stale, there are plenty in the race that would be backed. Reminder runs well over the course, and, despite his impost of 9st., he may, if fit, perform very creditably. Court Ball, with 7st. 6lb., and Rodomont, with 3lb. less to carry, would be well suited by the course.

The National Hunt Committee appoint an Inspector of Fences to see that the jumps are built all right; but how is it the Jockey Club do not appoint an Inspector of Stands—I mean, an architect, whose duty it should be to report as to the safety of the Stands at all race-meetings? I know of one or two cheap Stands that sooner or later will want pulling down or propping up, and it is just on the cards that in certain Stands a full house would result in a crash. As a rule, the Stands at our race-meetings are well and properly built, on the most approved plans; but there are exceptions, and I am surprised that an Inspector of Racecourse Buildings has not yet been appointed.

I believe an attempt is to be made to construct a really good gallop for the use of the trainers at Epsom. Mr. H. M. Dorling, J.P., has the management of the gallop, and I have no doubt that the new venture will prove of benefit to all concerned. It has often struck me as somewhat remarkable that the Earl of Rosebery, who is the Lord of the Manor of Epsom, does not patronise the home downs for training purposes. I am certain Sir Visto and Ladas might have been prepared for their engagements on the Epsom hills. Perhaps, when the new gallop has been prepared, his lordship may see his way clear to patronise the training-grounds with his horses.

It is pleasant to hear of more projected improvements at Gatwick. The Royal Stand has been for some time much too small to meet the requirements of its occupants. I wonder the Master of the Buckhounds does not utilise the stable-yard at the back of the Stand to make more room in the Royal Enclosure. The horses taking part in the procession might easily be stabled a mile away from the course, and I am sure the royal party would not object to alight from their carriages outside the enclosure on to the course and walk to the Stand.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

We said farewell to the chiffon ruffle last season in a somewhat abrupt and discourteous manner—considering our previous intimacy—for it ceased to merit our respect and our friendship when it began to be seen in company with the fatal price of 1s. 11½d.; but now, after a period of seclusion sufficiently long to show the errors of its old ways, it threatens



to come back to us and brave the Channel-crossing at the bidding of the Parisian *modistes*, who seem to have taken it to their hearts again, and to be finishing almost every gown with its airy softness.

Certainly it promises, so far, to be more exclusive in its choice of prices; but it fraternises with any and every material—cloth, velvet, satin, and silk must all alike be considered in the light of its compatriots and helpers in the great work of dressing the smart woman, and so I am looking forward with mixed feelings to the day when the short-necked, stout woman will refuse to believe that what is becoming to her swannecked sister is fatal to herself, and will, therefore, be faithful to the strict letter of the law of fashion, and insist upon a voluminous chiffon neck-ruffle—she has done so before, and she will inevitably do so again; just as others will consider it their duty to adopt the new tight sleeve without saving themselves—and their friends—from an unpleasant shock, by making the process of transition a gradual one, and quite oblivious of the fact that this particular style may be, of all things, the most entirely fatal to their own appearance. As for me, I think that the adoption of any very pronounced new fashion is an almost solemn matter, by no means to be taken in hand lightly or unadvisedly, but only after much thought and consideration and many private dress-rehearsals, which will show you just how far you can go without losing your individuality, and becoming only one of many stereotyped living fashion-plates.

There are some women, though, who have the happy knack of imparting so much of their own originality to their clothes that, though they are always smart and up-to-date in fashion, they could generally be picked out and the name of their only possible possessor given at a glance. But this art is not given to the many, it is the possession of a fortunate and comparatively limited number, among whom Mrs. George Alexander is a bright and shining light; and this being the case, I thought it high time that I should go and interview her on the subject of her gowns at that lovely house in Pont Street which is the dwelling-place of that most popular and beloved monarch, Rudolf, King of Ruritania, whose other names are Rudolf Rassendyl, "The Prisoner of Zenda," and George Alexander.

And, after paying due homage to his Majesty, we plunged into serious business, and I discovered that Mrs. Alexander will be one of the last to forsake the full sleeve, though she shares in the general rejoicing at the curtailment of its overflowing fulness.

Then I was duly introduced to an evening-gown of white satin, which impressed its desirability as an acquaintance upon me as soon as I saw the bodice, and, indeed, made me feel that a more intimate knowledge of its charms—or others made in their likeness—would greatly conduce to feminine happiness. The whole of the back of the bodice, with its short, full basques, was covered with black net and lace appliqué, on which glittered an embroidery of shimmering green and gold paillettes, while, in front, the slightly draped folds of the plain satin disappeared

beneath square zouaves similarly adorned with net and paillettes. Soft straps of lovely old lace crossed the shoulders, and fell in graceful drapery over the sleeves, which, by the way, were slashed open in the centre, and then brought together again into a twisted band of satin just above the elbow—altogether a notably smart and effective gown.

Mrs. Alexander is also the possessor of the biggest ermine muff in London, I should say—a great, beautiful thing, which she wears with a full sable cape when she takes her drives abroad. This cape is further rendered notable by a hood of brown satin, its shimmering surface lighting up and relieving the fur in a wonderful way, while a further investigation reveals a lining of tender-yellow glacé, patterned with blurred sprays of blue, pink, and mauve roses.

But I forsook everything for the sake of an absolutely perfect little coat which hailed from Paris, and which proclaimed that fact in its every fold. It was quite short and quite loose, and yet it set off the figure in a way which felled to the ground with one blow my long-rooted animosity to coats of that ilk, and it boasted of a turned-down collar of Persian lamb, and a double row of smoked-pearl buttons, and, moreover, it was bordered with two narrow straps of the cloth, treble stitched. I have had its portrait taken for you, in company with a toque of white felt, turned up with black beaver, and bedecked with a multitude of wall-flowers in such exquisite shades of mauve, golden-yellow, tender-green, and deepest terra-cotta, that the humble little brown-and-yellow flower of Nature's production must weep with envy at the sight. Further, there was a *chou* of white satin at the left side and two high black quills, and at the right a misty rosette of black chiffon, and, when graced by such an eminently *chic* wearer, both gown and toque gained additional glory. For a smart day-gown for present wear I fancy that a good many of you



will find your ideal in the one which owes its design to Mrs. Alexander's creative imagination, and which will inevitably meet with the fete of all good things—imitation.

Here the skirt is of fine cloth in a bold check design, where blue and mauve are crossed by broad bouclé stripes in black, while dark-mauve velvet is introduced into the bodice in most original fashion, and is again utilised as a piping for the seams, a goodly number of cut-stud buttons



being also pressed into the service. The little basques come to an end at the sides, and give place to a narrow waistband of black satin ribbon, finished with two rosettes in front; and then comes one of those distinctive touches which appear in all Mrs. Alexander's gowns—a little square yoke and folded collar of transparent lace in place of the ordinary stiff band and flaring bows.

The toque destined to accompany this gown is of dark-blue velvet, entirely bordered with soft-petalled roses shading through pale blue to

and diamond buckles, and the sleeves of white satin were veiled with softly shirred lace.

The idea is one which should specially appeal to any of you who are the fortunate possessors of some bit of old brocade or Eastern embroidery. You will never find a better use for it, I can assure you.

I seem fated this week to gaze with envious eyes upon other people's lovely things, for I had only just resigned myself to a life without Mrs. Alexander's clothes when I was called upon to admire two Parisian creations, which had a direful effect upon my peace of mind. One was an evening-dress, with a skirt of white satin, striped narrowly with palest pink and equally delicate green, and this was wedded to a bodice of chiffon in the exquisitely tender shade of green which the white lilac-leaves are showing just now.

The only pity was that there was so little of the bodice that the full beauty of the colouring could hardly be seen, but it was just held on by braces of gold galon, while from beneath them came four rows of large cut-jet beads, which were festooned across the bare neck and shoulders, thereby increasing, if anything, the *décolletée* effect. However, as this was not apparently considered a drawback, I had nothing to say—I contented myself with noting that the sleeves, when they did commence, consisted of two short puffs of the chiffon, and that the finishing touch to the costume was to be given by a neck-ruffle of pale rose-pink chiffon, which to me seemed out of place, but which, perhaps, was an atonement for the scant proportions of the bodice.

Much more pleasing was a daintily spring-like walking-gown of pale-grey glacé, shot with a suggestion of blue. There were four tiny borderings of creamy lace to finish the skirt, and the smart little coat-bodice had all its seams and its scalloped basques outlined with wee outstanding ruffles, also of lace, while the tight-fitting vest was bedecked with three lace bows.

For the sleeves I had nothing but unqualified praise, for they were eminently successful combinations of the old and the new styles, and calculated, therefore, to please and suit everybody. From the shoulder to the elbow they were arranged in three puffs, sewn with glittering points of jet, and then they became absolutely tight-fitting, with only the ruffled lace at the seams as a relief.

It was a gown which called aloud to be copied, and which should on no account be allowed to lavish all its beauty on one woman; so my time in the immediate future will be occupied in saving it from this fate, a determination which I daresay you have already made on your own account.

Altogether, this has been a week of important discoveries—first, a store of smart clothes brimful of good ideas, and then an entirely delicious coffee, whose fame deserves to be as widely spread as the charms of these same gowns; for it will add a new zest to life and the breakfast-table.

You must know, then, that this "French coffee," which is sold everywhere, is always to be distinguished by a red, white, and blue label, in the first place, and eventually by its particularly delightful taste, and owes some of its special qualities to the fact that it is ground immediately after roasting, next mixed with the needful proportion of the finest Bruges chicory, and then so perfectly secured in the tins that it will retain all its aromatic flavour for months.

I give this information in case it may influence any of you and induce you to try the coffee; as for me, I am content with the fact that it is delicious, and desire nothing further.

FLORENCE.



mauve, and on from delicate green to cloudy grey, then flaming out in vivid crimson—a wonderful array of, apparently, antagonistic colours, which, however, seem to have agreed to forget their old prejudices, and to have entered on a most amicable truce. And, in wonder at their infinite variety, I was almost forgetting to chronicle the fact that from the soft, full crown rose two high black ostrich-tips, caught down by a diamond buckle; and they must by no means be left out, for they are important factors in the successful whole.

Then I wonder if any of you will have the daring to take Mrs. Alexander's tea-gown as your guide and friend when next you wish to indulge in one of these luxuriously comfortable and delightfully picturesque garments? The shape must, I think, meet with your approval, with its Watteau back, and plain, straight front, while the outline of the figure is preserved by the tight-fitting sides. As to the material, you must imagine glacé silk of most vivid yellow, patterned with lace-like stripes in white satin, while there are side-panels of turquoise-blue silk, softened with draped flounces of old lace, the blue being introduced again in the form of pipings of velvet, and turned-back cuffs to the full sleeves. The square yoke is of the beautiful old lace, transparent at the neck, and then showing a gleam of the blue beneath, and lace is arranged over the shoulders to fall in graceful fashion at the back, while at the sides, guarding those lace flounces, shine out some flashing paste buttons.

It appealed to me on account of its combined smartness and comfort—for, above all things, it is desirable that a tea-gown should never become slovenly, and it always runs dangerously near this when the outline of the figure is entirely hidden—and this desirably smart trimness caused me to break the Tenth Commandment once more when I was confronted with a tea-jacket which had been evolved from a wonderful piece of Algerian embroidery cut into zouave form, and bordered with many little balls, which reproduced all the colours of the embroidery, and fastened across the full, soft front of lace with a wonderful silver clasp, studded with turquoises. There was black satin at the throat and also at the waist, finished with smart little bows

## MR. COSMO BONSOR, M.P.

The labours of Mr. H. Cosmo Bonsor, M.P., in connection with the brewing interest have been fitly recognised by his brothers-in-trade, who have presented him with a service of richly gilt silver plate, the work of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell. It consists of a magnificent tankard, chased in very high relief, the subject being a Village Scene after Teniers; a beautiful rose-water dish, chased *repoussé*, representing Jove seated on clouds, surrounded by the deities of mythology, while the inhabitants of the earth are depicted as gazing upward in awe and wonder. There was also a pair of very handsome bowls, copied from the famous Monteith Pattern Bowls of Queen Anne's time, the rims being removable, after the style of the original. These were engraved with an appropriate inscription, and embellished with the recipient's arms and crest—the whole forming an extremely handsome group.





## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 24.*

## YANKEES AND THE NEW LOAN.

President Cleveland's "popular" loan has proved a great success after all, so far as the amount of subscriptions is concerned, and, judging by superficial appearances, a similar issue could be made five and a-half times over without exhausting the number of people willing to buy the bonds.

Although the applicants are stated at 4649, we imagine it is only the odd forty-nine that have counted for much; indeed, we might almost reduce the figure to the odd nine itself. The syndicate headed by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and including the National City Bank, Messrs. Harvey, Fisk, and Sons, and the Deutsche Bank, bid for the issue *en bloc*; while another syndicate, headed by Mr. John A. Stewart, and consisting of various banks, made a bid for 80 per cent. of the total issue. There was a third bid, by the United States Trust, for 76 per cent. of the lot, and there were about half-a-dozen other huge tenders by groups. Out of the total subscription of 558½ million dollars, we should guess the syndicate applications at about 400 millions. This does not leave very much to spread among the rank-and-file of the tenders.

As the issue is bound to go to the syndicates, after all, it is difficult to see what Mr. Cleveland has gained by the rendering of his loan a "popular" one. On the last occasion he sold a bond-issue by private bargain to the Rothschild-Morgan syndicate at a fairly low price, on the condition that at least half the gold to be paid for it should be brought from Europe, and that sterling exchange should, so far as possible, be manipulated by the syndicate, to prevent gold from flowing out of the United States. In that contract he had tangible benefits, and the result of the bankers' operations was wonderfully successful. But this time he has offered the bonds to the "people," and the people have turned out to be syndicates again.

It is expected that the Morgan syndicate, whose bid was at about 110½ per cent., will be successful in obtaining some 55 per cent. of the total issue, and that the rest will go at an average of about 111 per cent. The Treasury will, therefore, raise by the loan about 111,000,000 dollars in gold. This is a very comfortable sum, and will fill the Treasury Reserve to overflowing. But the point is, how long will it remain there now that exchange is to be left to take its own course, and the gold supplied for the bonds will be mostly coin from the United States, and not from abroad? The last loan, as we have explained, was an exceptional one, carrying with it protection of the Reserve for six months; yet it took only some nine months to wipe out all the assistance it gave to the Treasury. Still less is the present replenishment of bullion likely to have any permanence.

What Mr. Carlisle himself, the United States Treasurer, has described as the "endless chain" is still in full operation—the use of paper currency drawing from the Treasury the gold almost as fast as it is put in; and as no effort is being made to remedy the fatal defects of the United States currency system, the new loan is merely a weak staving-off of a crisis.

But, while it is undoubtedly the case that this bond-issue is a futile expedient, so far as the intrinsic situation is concerned, it must not be forgotten that its success is bound to have a good temporary effect in the States, by so far restoring confidence, and thus assisting the revival of trade. And on the American Railroad Market its influence must be very pronounced. For the moment, the news of the loan-subscription seems to be operating the other way round, the intelligence of the heavy tenders, and the good price realised, having been followed, to many people's surprise, by a flood of realisations of stocks, both in New York and London. But our readers ought not to be misled by this deceptive movement. It is simply a case of the usual profit-taking by the insiders, who bought in anticipation of the loan going through well. It is the public that rushes in to buy immediately on the publication of good news. Simultaneously the professional operators are selling, for they bought long before, when affairs looked bad, and the public was realising. It is only the currency question that has been keeping American Rails down for some time, and, with trade improving as at present, the American market gives excellent promise of a good advance. All that is wanted is an item of a reassuring character in regard to the Venezuelan question, and, now that Mr. Cleveland has got his loan floated, it is not unlikely that something of that sort will be soon sent over from the States.

## ALLSOPPS.

The announcement of the interim dividend on Allsopp's Ordinary gave opportunity to the Stock Exchange for indulging in one of those eccentric outbursts which, to the outsider, are almost inexplicable, and make the insiders themselves wonder afterwards what was the matter. Conjecture had been rife as to what the rate of distribution would be, but the general expectation was that it must be the same as a year ago. One would have thought that everybody interested in the stock to such an extent as could possibly affect the market would have taken the trouble to master the elements of the situation. It did not require very exhaustive research to find out that the company's accounts are made up annually to June 30; and in the Stock Exchange, of all places, it ought surely to have been matter of common knowledge that it is not customary to announce, in declaring an interim dividend, the amount carried forward.

Nevertheless, a mere slip of the tongue on the part of a clerk caused the wildest excitement in the market for "Slops." The dividend is at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, the same as declared a year ago.

This will absorb £33,000; but it was erroneously announced that it would leave £33,000 to be carried forward, and this, coming on a feverish but limited market, led to the most erratic fluctuations. On the previous day the closing quotation had been 139. On the day of the dividend, it opened nominally at 139-140; then fell away, without much business, to 137½, at which level or thereabouts it stood when the announcement was made. The misconception as to the purport of the news led to frantic bidding, which, in a few minutes, put the price to 146½ buyers. From that giddy height it soon tumbled back again when the buyers realised into what a silly mistake they had fallen.

For a few minutes the excitement was intense, and reminded old-stagers of the notorious bogus news about a Peruvian Settlement; but they laugh best who laugh last, and the people who sold at 146 and upwards went home chortling in their joy.

Apart from this sensational and somewhat ridiculous incident, the interim dividend is a very satisfactory one. It is a fair inference that the directors see their way to maintain the 6 per cent. rate which they were able to pay for the year ending June 30 last, if not to increase it when the final distribution for the current fiscal year comes to be made.

## WEST AUSTRALIAN MINES.

The position of the leading properties at Hannan's is very much clearer than it was before Mr. George Gray had addressed the shareholders of the Associated Gold-Mines and of Hannan's Proprietary. Both speeches were crammed full of information, and notable for the confident note which was predominant in everything Mr. Gray had to say.

We promised our readers a fortnight ago that we should be able to lay before them some of Mr. Gray's views from personal intercourse, and, in pursuance of that promise, after his last public appearance, we were able to obtain an hour's valuable talk with the much-sought-after expert; but, as we were anxious to give not only an account of Mr. Gray's views—which, by-the-by, he



MR. GEORGE GRAY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

has been asked to lay before a meeting of the Imperial Institute—but also a counterfeit presentment of the man himself, we have induced him to submit to the process of photography for the benefit of our readers.

He has been well known in mining circles on the Pacific Slope and in Mexico for the last fifteen years. His mining experience began in the gold-mines of California, and ended in that country with the management of the Patterson Gold-mining Company. From California Mr. Gray went to Mexico, representing a large Yankee syndicate, and from Mexico he has found his way to Western Australia, on behalf of one of the strongest groups of British capitalists carrying on business in the colony.

It is not difficult to get Mr. Gray to talk about the features and prospects of the West Australian Goldfields when you can catch him, but to accomplish this latter feat is by no means so easy.

By a lucky chance we found him in his den—well, not so many miles from Addison Road Station as you would, perhaps, imagine; wild horses shall not drag the address from us—and sat down to have a serious chat. What Mr. Gray had to tell us may be summarised in the following fashion—

"The geographical features of Coolgardie, Hannan's, and Menzies are distinctly different, but in each case of such a nature that you might expect gold-bearing lodes"—and a plan of the field with which he is most intimately associated, giving strata and the rock-cleavages down to over four hundred feet, is unrolled before our unsophisticated eyes.

"The whole country at Hannan's is stratified, and the strata lie at an angle of about 45 degrees. The geological composition of Hannan's district in itself affords one of the most interesting studies which can be brought before a mining man. Taken as a whole, the formation is unique, requiring very careful examination and investigation before even the most eminent authorities would be justified in giving an opinion.

"To the practical man, such conditions as he finds in many of the mines now in course of development, and, in fact, the value of the prospects found over almost the entire surface of Hannan's, suggest the one question—can this last? That there exists in the camp several of the richest 'chutes' of gold-ore that the world has ever seen has already been demonstrated, some of the 'chutes' having been proved continuous for nearly 1000 ft., and to a depth of some 200 ft., averaging in width about 6 ft.; and they are as good at the ends and at the bottom as at any part so far developed.

"The values that have been shown by the work done in the camp need no scientific knowledge, no microscopical examination, to understand. In addition to these singularly rich 'chutes,' the many parallel lode-



formations which have been cross-cut in places are sometimes from twenty feet to forty feet wide, and carry gold from wall to wall. The average value I should estimate—approximately, of course—at about an ounce to the ton.

"These formations have been proved to extend longitudinally for a distance of fifteen miles. It would be unreasonable to expect a uniform return of four or five ounces to the ton all through, as some claim. There are a few mines which will be able to keep up a high average for a very considerable period; but it is not the two or three rich mines that make the successful goldfield, nor, on the other hand, should the cutting-out of a fabulously wealthy 'pocket' lead to the condemnation of the whole of the surrounding country. *It is the large body of stone of even grade which is the backbone and mainstay of the industry*, and, with the additional facilities which will be given to Hannan's by railway communication and a plentiful supply of water, the enormous quantity of stone which has been proved and tested to average between fifteen and thirty pennyweights will yield a handsome profit.

"Probably, in the course of a few months," continued Mr. Gray, in reply to further questions, "I will be in a position to speak with a more certain knowledge of the Hannan's Camp.

"We are undertaking developments in the mines belonging to the Hannan's Proprietary Development Company, which should thoroughly prove the centre of the auriferous belt. Shafts have been sunk across the line of reefs, and at a uniform depth a cross-cut is now being driven, which will open up, in practically a direct line for a length of about six thousand feet, what is to-day the most valuable course of lodes known in Western Australia. Already two lodes which were 'blind' (did not show on the surface) have been discovered—that is to say, the work has proved the existence of two more lodes which were not suspected when the original plans were first put in hand. The lodes—and I first estimated there were sixteen, although subsequent development has shown their number to be increased—run parallel from south-east to north-west.

"I have no doubt in my own mind of the permanency of the reefs, and later work on the camp has served to confirm that view. I may add that, throughout the whole of my experience, both in the Old World and in the New, I have never met with a country so vast in extent that has surface-showings equal in richness to the auriferous belts of Western Australia."

It is evident that the man and the goldfield have, perhaps by a fortuitous accident, come together for the second time within the last fifteen years of the world's history.

#### THE MARKET.

Speaking generally, the West Australian section has been dull. An absurd story about a dyke having cut off the Great Boulder lode was last week in circulation, and the delay in the crushing operations of Hannan's Brown Hill has caused some uneasiness. The much-talked-of dyke turns out to be a "jumping" case on a part of the Boulder property, which has already collapsed; while, even if the new machinery upon the Brown Hill property does not work well for the first month or so, we see no reason to doubt that the defects will quickly be put to rights. In Africa, people allow for new plant not doing itself justice



BAYLEY STREET, COOLGARDIE.

By kind permission of Mr. H. S. Stoneham.

at the beginning, because there is no lack of faith in the gold-producing qualities of well-situated properties; but, to tell the truth, the mining-investor has not yet acquired the same faith in the big mines of Western Australia, and the least hitch sends a shudder down the back not only of investors, but of the best-informed jobbers.

The mines we have recommended in this section of the market—and, as far as we know, we have never recommended a bad one—are far better to-day than they ever were, and we see no reason for anyone who has bought on our advice to part with a single share, unless it be for profit-taking purposes.

The Burbank's crushing is even better than before; the White Feather report is most satisfactory; and, if our readers will confine themselves to

buying concerns coming from strong hands, such as the Exploring and Finance, the West Australian Goldfields, and the Colonial Finance Corporation, and will studiously avoid those things which are puffed in various papers of the baser sort, the results will not disappoint them, we feel sure.

#### NITRATE SHARES.

Last week we dealt generally with the position of this important industry, but several correspondents have asked us to express our views a little more precisely as to the relative value of the various shares, and we hasten to comply with their wish.

Confining our attention to the better-class companies, and excluding those such as Primitiva, whose chances have been disastrously affected by recent events, we find that the following have still a considerable margin of appreciation to cover before they reach the top level of last year: Lautaro, Rosario, Lagunas, Santa Rita, Liverpool, San Sebastian, San Jorge, Paccha, San Donato, and Julia Taltal. All these might be bought at present prices with a fair chance of improving in market value; but some, such as New Tamarugals, Paccha, and Julia Taltal, are exceedingly speculative. Undoubtedly the pick of the basket for combined safety and a prospect of further improvement are Lautaro, San Jorge, Santa Rita, Lagunas, and Rosario, in about the order named. A purchase of any or all of these would probably yield a profit during the next few months, always providing that a fresh hitch does not interfere with the combination for restricting the output.

Saturday, Feb. 8, 1896.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the City Editor. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

IMPECUNIOUS.—These shares are quite outside the range of the Stock Exchange; send us the prospectus, or last balance-sheet, and the company's address.

A. H. R.—We congratulate you on the fact that you have got your money. There is nothing like the threat of a solicitor to make "touts" stump up.

NOVICE.—Our opinion of all the concerns you mention is that they are swindles.

CANDIDUS.—(1) Sell at the price you name. (2) The company is doing a splendid trade, but they have half-a-dozen lawsuits running about the patents, and if they lose any one of them—we hear they are sure to lose in some cases—they will have to face competition. We would not invest our own money. (3) Very good, but you cannot buy under twenty-five shillings. The pref. are also very good, and the business is doing better than ever.

Z.—We presume you mean the African Estate Company, Limited, of Johannesburg. It cannot be called a *safe* investment, although the shares may be a good speculation. The South African Estate and Mining Company is less safe and more speculative.

E. K.—We have answered your second letter.

J. D. P.—We wrote to you fully on the 7th inst.

SOTON.—The line is not constructed yet, but we presume you are getting 3 per cent. The concern is honest enough, but railway-building takes a long time. We cannot get a bid.

LEICESTER.—If you had read our Correspondence Rules, published last week, you would have seen that we never answer anonymous letters. Write to the companies, and ask or repeat your question, giving us your name and address.

H. P.—(1) Hold. Mexico and things Mexican are on the mend. (2) Very good, but high. (3) Very good, and, we think, every prospect of a rise, but gradual. The railway is a miserable affair; but we should be inclined to hold, as all railways look like being in for a good year.

CIV. SERV.—Glad you did so well with the Villa Maria debentures. We should be inclined to realise, and put the money into Santa Fé and Reconquista bonds, at about 30. See last week's "Notes." These "tips" do not *always* come off. Cordoba Central Incomes are a good speculative purchase.

MAGISTER.—(1) A good speculation. (2, 3, 4, and 5) Not one of them worth holding. See last answer.

NITRATE.—See this week's "Notes."

CURIOS.—We also bought at over £5 and at £3. Very much depends on the course of political events in the Transvaal. If things go well there is nothing unreasonable in expecting £5, and we are holding our own for about this figure.

INVEST.—(1) A very good industrial investment. (2) Yes. The company is doing a grand business, and getting splendid prices. (3) No liability.

P. T.—You might sell half and buy Town Properties of West Australia. Mount Margaret, Lady Shenton, White Feather Mainland Consols, and Hannan's Proprietary are all splendid mining properties.

REMUS.—We are in constant touch with people who get the best information about this mine, and the accounts which reach us are that it is opening up in a wonderful manner, in one place twelve feet of ore averaging three ounces. The mill, it is hoped, will be up by April, but we think June is more likely. Professor Nicholas expects to have enough water by that time to run the mill. The company want to take the Londonderry mill for a fresh lot of stone, but whether it can be obtained or not is uncertain. The crushing has been good enough to show you the value of the ore, and quite an ounce more than we led you to expect. (2) No. (3) All depends on the political outlook in the Transvaal. The property is first-class. (4) No, but if you comply with Rule 5 we will send you the name of brokers you can rely on.

THANKFUL.—Dealings on the cover system are *never* advisable. (1, 2, 3, and 4) We don't like them. (5, 6, and 7) All good to buy. (8) The finest property in West Australia so far proved, but a great deal of gambling goes on in the shares. We prefer Brown Hills. (9) We know very little about them. (10 and 11) Good industrials, especially the first. (12) We don't like them. (13) Prefer 7. (14) A fair speculation. (15) You are a bit late for the fair, but we expect they will go to 60. (16) Not for our money. (17) A market tip just now. (18) A good industrial share. (19) If you deal with them on the cover system you will lose your money. Try it, and write us the result.

W. H. B.—We will make inquiries. We never heard of the company. Where is the office?

R. F.—We would not invest a penny in the concern. Why on earth don't you spend your money on something which has merits, outside being a mere gambling counter.

PEEK WINCH.—We do not like the circular you send, but will inquire from a reliable source and let you know in our next issue.

FELEX.—We will inquire and let you know result. Don't deal with the first firm you mention. We think the second is all right.

G. M.—All good except, perhaps, D. Telegraph Construction, Ely Brothers, Home and Colonial Stores, or Globe Telegraph Trust might all suit you.